

Week ending April 4 1953
Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

An exciting new story complete in this issue
THE ATOM-BOMBED AIRLINER

HERCULE POIROT returns in the latest
mystery thriller by **AGATHA CHRISTIE**



Protect yourself
against B.O.
with **LIFEBUOY**
TOILET SOAP!



**THE NEW FRAGRANCE
EVERYONE LIKES**

There's such a pleasing fragrance about the new Lifebuoy Toilet Soap. Everyone—men and women alike—welcomes its gentle clean freshness. It's a fragrance that's delightful yet discreet.



Have YOU tried it yet? Enjoy a grand exhilarating bath with emollient Lifebuoy Toilet Soap tonight—your skin will love its mild and gentle lather! What's more, you'll be protected for hours longer!

**FIND NEW CONFIDENCE
with LIFEBUOY TOILET SOAP**

A LEVER PRODUCT



LBT 737-71

**Lifebuoy Toilet Soap,
with its new ingredient,
now protects you longer**

Ordinary washing isn't enough. To be truly sure of personal freshness you need to *clean* the skin. Lifebuoy Toilet Soap, with its new purifying ingredient, does this perfectly—because its rich, invigorating lather lifts out every trace of stale perspiration from the pores. With Lifebuoy Toilet Soap you can banish B.O. (body odour)—and you are protected far, far longer.



They told me
you'd caught a
CHILL

**YES! I would have
been in bed but for
BEECHAM'S POWDERS**

The unique formula of Beecham's Powders soon brings the worst symptoms of a cold or chill under control. Because of their powder form they are quickly assimilated and speedy in action. Make a point of carrying Beecham's Powders with you always—and be ready to deal with colds, chills or 'flu without delay.

For
**COLDS & CHILLS
FEVERISHNESS
RHEUMATIC
PAINS
HEADACHES
& NEURALGIA**

Take

**BEECHAM'S
POWDERS** For
**QUICK
RELIEF!**

your tonic
HALL'S WINE
works fast and works wonders!

Rich, red, life-giving Hall's Wine! Powerfully enriched with a special vitamin formula to make it that much better than all others. Take a wineglassful twice a day, especially if you've been ill or are run down.

16/- A BOTTLE 8/6 HALF BOTTLE

Bottled and guaranteed by Stephen Smith & Co. Ltd., London, E.3. (24)

HOOVER & ELECTROLUX etc
(REBUILT)

£6' 15'

*no
purchase
tax!*

*Post
today!*



Limited quantity of these famous cleaners fully guaranteed by S.E.P. Ltd.

S.E.P. LTD., 4 EDEN STREET, KINGSTON-ON-THAMES
JB2/53 Phone: Kingston 3317
Please send me details of Rebuilt vacuum cleaners without obligation

NAME
ADDRESS

Use 1d. stamp on unsealed envelope

BRANCHES IN MOST PRINCIPAL TOWNS

Stately homes

As spring advances, many families are planning visits to the fine old "stately homes" open to the public. Some are still kept private. But there are more closed—and falling down.

"Soon it will be too late to save many of them," says the Earl of Euston, deputy-chairman of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings.

"Rushbrook, a great Elizabethan moated house in Suffolk, has been mouldering to ruin since it ceased to be a hospital at the end of the war."

THE Earl points out that not even Lord Rothschild, the owner, can afford to keep it up. He adds: "Another wonderful house, Gosfield Hall in Essex, with wings built in each of four great periods of English architecture, was recently bought by the Essex County Council.



EARL OF EUSTON
"Soon, too late . . ."

"This saved it from demolition, but the council had no money to maintain it."

A government committee reported in 1950 that: "Many great houses now need not less than £5,000 a year, some as much as £10,000, to preserve them and their contents from deterioration."

It recommended giving taxation and death duty relief, as well as other grants.

But the Minister of Works recently announced an allowance of only £250,000 a year to preserve the two thousand best British architectural treasures.

This is not enough to look after one hundred of them.

OF Burghley House, Stamford, Lincolnshire, its owner, the Marquess of Exeter, says: "Warming the place alone costs £500 a year. Every year, 1,700 visitors pay one shilling each to see it, but if the house were owned by a company it would show a probable loss of several thousands a year."

Sixty-one houses were recently listed by the National Trust as ruined, abandoned or in danger.

"But we cannot take on any more houses unless some money comes with them for upkeep," says the Trust.

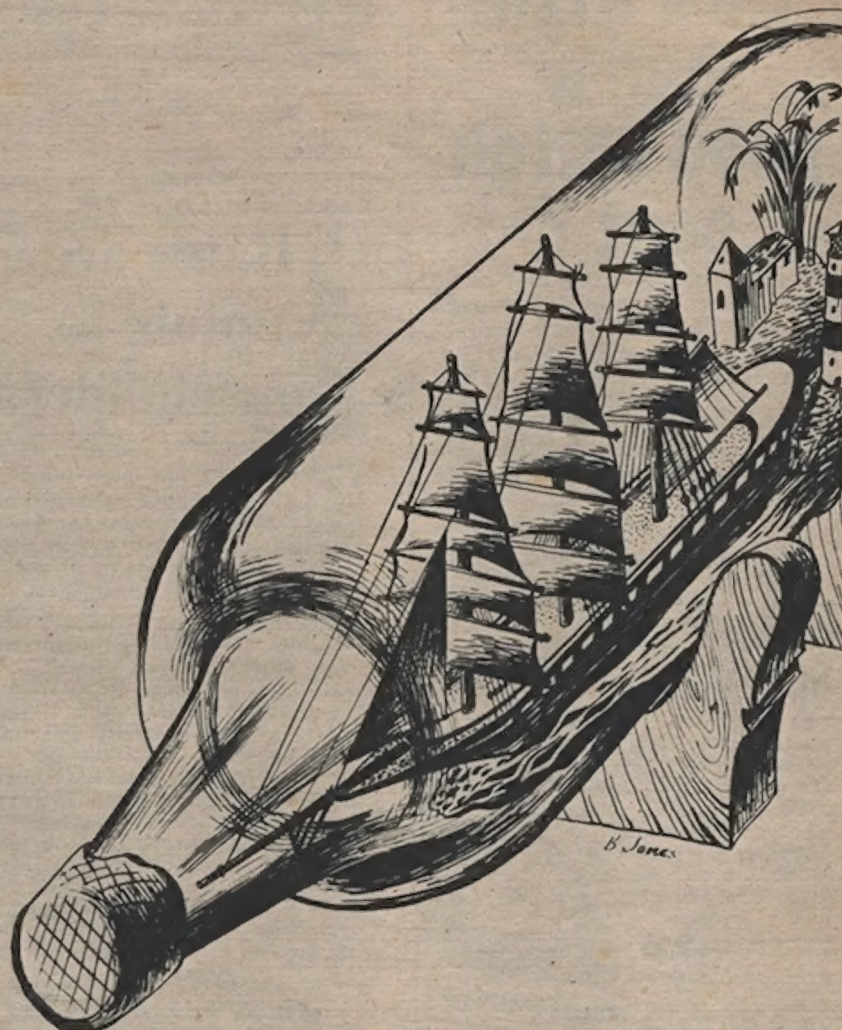
EVEN from a severely practical viewpoint this is a catastrophe. Many could be turned into schools, convalescent homes and holiday centres. And in emergencies they make good hospitals and refugee centres.

The job of preservation could be done for less than £4 million a year.

The matter is urgent. Soon there will be few historic houses left to save.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

WILLIAM SHOWELL loves women's hats—"especially gay, silly, spring hats." But his enthusiasm was damped recently when his actress daughter, Jill, wanted to celebrate her twenty-first birthday with a seven-guinea model. "I took just one look at the huge, floppy creation," he says. "She bought a red tam instead." Showell went back later, however, and decided that his daughter's first choice was the ideal Easter bonnet for his cover painting.



'Foreign travel has its points,' remarked the Man who has Just Come Back, apparently addressing the ship becalmed in its bottle at the back of the bar. 'But there are things to enjoy in this country you don't find anywhere else.'

'Including the weather, dear,' said his wife.

'True,' said the traveller stoutly. 'Taken all round ours is better than most. But I was thinking of other things. The Grand National and the Boat Race. The

smell of a log fire and the taste of good wholesome beer. Ah yes, especially beer!'

'I tell you,' he challenged, 'there isn't a drink on earth more cheering and satisfying than a glass of beer enjoyed among friends at The Local. Cheers!'

'Cheers!' we responded, in chorus, gladdened by the thought that good beer was among the many things we still had to be thankful for.



Let's have one at The Local

ISSUED BY THE BREWERS' SOCIETY • 42 PORTMAN SQUARE, LONDON, W.1.

How little can a good watch cost?

TO PUT it another way—how do we manage to offer you this splendid new range of TIMEX shock resistant wrist-watches at such easy-to-afford prices? There are three answers. TIMEX are made in an ultra-modern factory where top-efficiency lowers costs. They are made on the same high-precision machines used for making high-priced watches. They are British-made and free from duty. See these handsome, wonderfully reliable watches at your jeweller's. Compare them, try them on, judge for yourself!

Special Timex features

Every TIMEX has a revolutionary V-Conic escapement which gives the watch tremendous strength where most watches are weakest. TIMEX features also include:—Temperature-compensating hair-spring. Dustproof case. Unbreakable glass. Finest leather strap. Cannot be overwound. Manufacturer's Guarantee.

LADIES' from 49/6

In chromium or 'Algold' cases, luminous or non-luminous



FULLY GUARANTEED

SHOCK RESISTANT

TIMEX

U.K. TIME LIMITED, 49, OLD BOND STREET, W.1.

It
pays to buy

O.K. SAUCE

Britain's best!

A little 'O.K.' goes a very long way. Standard Size 1/6



Try also 'O.K.'
HORSE RADISH SAUCE

—it's just like
home made

FREE SPEECH

Rates are unfair to householders

OUR town, like many others, is going to suffer a sharp rise in rates next month. I know the council treasurer quite well by sight, and the other morning I buttonholed him in the street. "When is this going to stop?" I asked. "We can't all afford a two-shilling rate increase every other year, you know."

He explained about rising costs of labour and materials—which I appreciate—and then added something which staggered me. "We don't all pay heavy rates," he said. "Agricultural and industrial buildings get off very lightly. They are 'de-rated.'" I now find that industry was de-rated during the depression years to tide it over difficult times. But today, there seems every reason why factories and workshops should contribute their fair share to the cost of local services.—A. M. F., Kent.

Where Credit Is Due

A MAN I know found that the new house which he had bought showed signs of bad workmanship after a few months. Then the bedroom ceiling fell down. Complaining to the builders, he was told that they were not responsible, as the sale was complete. The owner went home, shovelled the broken plaster into his



front garden, and on top placed a large placard which read: "This house was built by Messrs. — & Son only six months ago." Before a week had passed, workmen were repairing the damage.—M. E. WARD, Parkstone, Dorset.

Cat's Cow-bell

I HAVE taught my cat to ring his own door bell when he wants to come in. To stop him scratching the door, I fixed a cow-bell to the wooden jamb, about a foot off the ground. He learned to use it after two demonstrations.—P. H. BUCKLEY, Southdown Road, Beacon Park, Plymouth, Devon.

Women On The Air

WOMEN commentators for the B.B.C.'s Coronation broadcast? The prospect fills me with dismay. Male listeners find their voices irritating; the womenfolk admit that most female announcers are quite unbearable. They never sound at home before the microphone—how can they convey spontaneously the glittering pageantry of the Coronation?—B. G. CAMPION, Devonport.

Royal Photographs

QUEEN MARY'S descriptions of the Royal photographs (JOHN BULL, March 7) reminded me of a visit I paid to Frederickshaven Castle while serving with Shaef in Frankfurt. The castle was once the residence of

Princess Victoria—the Crown Princess—and the Emperor of Prussia. On the walls of one corridor hung portraits of Queen Victoria's children, and in a huge book in the library were photographs of all Queen Victoria's retainers at Balmoral, including the young John Brown in full Highland dress.—PETER PATERSON, St. George's Road, Glasgow.

Earliest Clocks

IN your footnote to Mr. Norman Saunders's letter ("Free Speech," March 7), you are quite correct in saying that the earliest clocks were made about the thirteenth century. But as far as we know, these clocks had no dials, and only struck the hours. Dials came considerably later. The oldest clock in England was a "find" of mine. It was made in

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

JOURNEY INTO BRITAIN:

HARRY HOPKINS reports from

OUR TOWNS

See page 20

1386, and is exhibited at Salisbury Cathedral. One of the best one-handed clocks still in use is at Westminster Abbey, although the mechanism is not original.—T. R. ROBINSON (Fellow of the British Horological Institute), Redland, Bristol, 6.

Curtain Raiser

THE other day, I decided to take all my curtains down and wash them. Within a few hours, twelve people called to ask if the house was to let; three more wanted to buy the place; a new milkman asked if he could deliver regularly; a window cleaner offered his services, and a decorator wanted to paint the house for "the new tenants."—Miss J. L., Manchester Road, Huddersfield.

Reader's Sneeze

LIBRARY books can cause symptoms of allergy, in addition to cats, pollen and house dust ("Report On My Battle With The Sneeze," JOHN BULL, February 21). No matter how carefully I turn the pages, a book may have me sneezing violently in a matter of minutes.—P. Fox, Harbour Road, Lowestoft, Suffolk.

Not So Natty

PASSING two men, I overheard a snatch of their conversation. One of them was evidently a tailor. "The Englishman is an easy customer," he declared, "he knows nothing about clothes." Now, I am one of those people he scoffed at. Although a suit or overcoat is a major expense for me, I know nothing about cloth or points to look for in buying clothes. The tailor has me at his mercy.—A. J. CATTON, South Gardens, London, S.W.19.

... My husband is a master tailor, and we are amazed at the bad workmanship in the clothes of many prominent people. Suits and costumes have ruffled lapels, creases at the

neck, and tight underarms. It's about time people learned the good from the bad.—Mrs. R. H., Glasgow.

On The Spot

MY ten-year-old son is a keen train-spotter and, as we were passing our main station the other day, he begged me to wait for the Glasgow express. The train was late, and about two dozen youngsters were eagerly waiting, with notebooks and pencils ready to note the engine details, when two policemen ordered them away. Yet I hear that some stations erect special barriers for the boys' safety, and I see books on the subject sold at railway book-stalls. What is the official attitude towards spotters?—D. E. CLARK, Farnon Road, Birmingham, 8.



The Railway Executive likes to see youngsters taking an interest in railways. A spokesman said: "The boys are usually well-behaved. We like to think that some of them may be the railwaymen of tomorrow. Any restrictions on spotters' movements are for their own safety, but there is little interference if they act sensibly."

How Many Listen?

JIMMY EDWARDS, in his JOHN BULL series "Take It From Me," mentioned that the listening figures of his radio show, *Take It From Here*, "began to creep up." How does the B.B.C. arrive at such figures? Can it be sure that they are accurate?—E. FRODSLAM, Waddicor Lane, Melling.

The B.B.C. is reticent about its Audience Research Department, on which it relies for assessments of a programme's popularity. But interviewers go out to take public opinion polls, and selected listeners report on programmes within certain categories—such as Talks, Plays, and Music. Some radio networks in the U.S.A. ring people's homes at random to see if they are listening-in.

Guernsey Ordeal

BRIGADIER Slater's account of the Commando raid on Guernsey (JOHN BULL, March 14) recalled some vivid memories. At the time, I was proprietor of a large guest-house close to Petit Bot Bay, where the landing took place. That night, my wife and I heard machine-gunning—from the air, as I thought. At first light of



Mr. and Mrs. Veale, on a reconstruction of the stone barrier built by the Commandos

dawn, I was roused by a violent ringing at the door bell. I was met by a German sergeant-major with about fifty men. He roughly ordered me outside, and with two neighbours I had to clear away a road barrier of about five tons of stones which the Commandos had taken from my garden rockeries. A German officer arrested me, and I expected to be shot. He shook his fist in my face and shouted: "If this happens again, we will kill you like a dog! Do you

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

understand?" Later, I went down to the bay with the Guernsey police. The beach was littered with Commando gear. I was made to collect rifles, and found myself with a loaded rifle in my hand, a dozen grenades at my feet—and the German commandant and his staff ten yards away. For five days afterwards, the Germans interrogated my wife and myself at all hours. Twenty soldiers were eventually billeted in my house, and I was turned out. The Germans later pulled the building down stone by stone.—FRED W. VALE, Route Des Coutures, St. Martins, Guernsey.

This week's instalment of "Commando!" begins on page ten.

Snobs With Sneezes?

WHEN kept away from work, women are content to say that the cause was a cold. Men say they have had influenza. Harmless snobbery, or are men more susceptible to flu?—FRANK GOODRIDGE, Fernshaw Road, London, S.W.10.

Bowl In The Font

MAY I assure Mrs. R. Racey ("Free Speech," March 7) that there is nothing unusual about having a small bowl of water in the font at baptisms? Many old fonts leak very badly; also it is often better to use warm water for baptizing small babies in the winter.—REV. L. G. H. FARLEY, The Vicarage, Marazion, Cornwall.

... Large quantities of water used for baptism may be difficult to dispose of. Consecrated water must not be poured down a drain; it must be scattered over the ground. A small bowl holds enough for the ceremony.—J. C., Moor Terrace, Hartlepool, Co. Durham.

Stop For Service

IN a large department store recently, I asked for a particular brand of baby food which my wife had asked me to buy. The assistant did not seem to know the make, and I left the counter empty handed. As I walked through the crowded store, I was vaguely aware of a commotion. I ignored it, until a woman's voice called out, "Stop that man!" and I was confronted by a determined looking assistant. He seized me firmly by the arm, and said quietly, "Excuse me, sir, but do you mind?" Then my assistant appeared breathlessly. "This was the kind you wanted!" she said triumphantly. It was my baby food.—J. S. WINSTANLEY, Appley Lane, Appley Bridge, Wigan, Lancashire.



Feathered Toothpick

AFTER reading Bryan Dempster's account of the strange partnership between the Zambesi crocodile and the African plover (JOHN BULL, February 21), I mentioned this story to an expert on reptiles. He said that although he had seen the birds and the crocodiles together, he had never witnessed the picking of meat from the crocodiles' jaws.—DEREK W. FEWKES, Carrington Road, Southcourt, Aylesbury, Buckinghamshire.

Bryan Dempster actually saw a bird picking at a crocodile's teeth. For many years naturalists have argued about the existence of this habit.

Lost And Found

FOR the second time, my son has been told to collect an article which he found and took to the police station, but which has not been claimed. This time a gold pocket watch becomes his property. Has the public lost all faith in honesty, or are people too lazy to inquire at the police station?—MRS. A. HASSON, Blackburn, Bathgate, West Lothian.



SUPER NEW Quick COFFEE DRINK BY NESTLÉ'S COSTS ONLY

Nestlé's have broken clean through the price barrier with RICORY—the quality coffee and chicory drink with wonderful new freshness and flavour. Now every jet-age coffee-lover can enjoy a top-flight coffee drink with

a big saving in cost. Ricory dissolves instantly in hot water . . . it's so easy to use, clean and never sticky. Hurry to your grocer today for Ricory! Just a sip or two and you'll say . . . "Ah-ha! it's Ricory for me."



You must try **Ricory**

IT'S THE LATEST OF NESTLÉ'S GOOD THINGS



Ricory is a soluble coffee and chicory product composed of coffee and chicory solids, combined and powdered with added dextrins, maltose & dextrose.



BUT I'M GOING TO TELL!

Step out in a pair of Paton's Classic Laces—you'll soon know the difference these comfortable, attractive and long-wearing laces make . . . and, don't forget, there are Paton's laces for children too, just as wonderful!

Remember . . . always insist on

PATON'S Classic LACES

Wm. Paton Ltd. Johnstone Scotland

Good Company

SITUATED in the poorest parts of our great cities, the forty-one Goodwill Centres of The Salvation Army are operated by a company of officers whose lives are dedicated to the service of those in need. Visiting old people living alone, organising crèches for children, first aid centres, soup-kitchens, trips to the seaside, clubs for young and old—these are only a few of their activities. They are friends in the truest sense of the word. From cleaning a grate to bathing a baby, no chore is too large or too small for them to do—if it helps to lighten a load or lift up a heart.

Will you help the Army's work? Please send a gift to General Albert Orsborn, 101, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.



WHERE THERE'S NEED, THERE'S

**The
Salvation Army**



South African Grape Competition

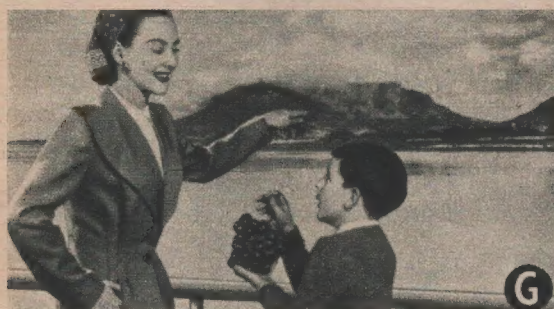
£3,500 must be won!

FIRST PRIZE £2,000

£1,500 will be divided among runners-up

Grape fun!

Here's a chance to show your skill and win £2,000. Study the pictures on this page. Now look at the titles on the entry form below. Decide for yourself, which is the most apt, witty and ingenious title for each of the pictures. Then fill in your selections in the column shown on the entry form.



It's simple!

All you have to do is buy a bunch of South African grapes, fill in the entry form and post it to the address below. When you have chosen what you consider to be the best title for each picture, write in ink (or ballpoint pen, *not* pencil) the key letter of a picture against each title. For example, if you think that the title "South African grapes are grand!" best fits picture A, write A in the column against the title. No key letter may be used more than once and each space in the column (nine altogether) *must* be filled in.

STUDY THESE RULES CAREFULLY

1. Post your entry in a sealed envelope bearing a 2½d stamp to: South African Fruit Board, Brettenham House, London, W.C.2. Entries must be received **not later than Saturday April 18.**
2. Entries wholly or partly completed in pencil will be disqualified, as will any bearing alterations, or with key numbers not clear, or in any way mutilated.
3. All accepted entries will be carefully examined and a panel of judges (including Miss Yvonne Arnaud, Sir Compton Mackenzie, Miss Anona Winn, Mr. Arthur Ferrier, and the Senior Trade Commissioner, South Africa House) will award prizes for the entries which, in their opinion, are the most meritorious. Merit will be assessed according to the aptness, wit and ingenuity of each title in relation to its picture.
4. Only the pictures and given titles will be considered by the judges. In the event of a tie, the prize money will be divided.
5. Any residents of Great Britain and Northern Ireland may enter this competition, except members of the South African Deciduous Fruit Board, their advertising agents or any others concerned with handling the competition, or their families.
6. No responsibility will be accepted by the organisers for any entries lost, mislaid, or damaged. No correspondence regarding this competition will be entered into.
7. All prize-winners will be notified. Major prize-winners will be announced in the press.
8. You may enter as often as you wish, provided that a bunch of grapes is bought for each entry submitted, and the retailer's name, with your signature and address (in BLOCK CAPITALS) appear on each entry.
9. The judges' decision must be accepted as final and legally binding.

Buy a bunch of grapes—NOW!

South African grapes are grand! . . .
 Everyone loves South African Grapes . . .
 Help yourself to South African Grapes . . .
 Something nobody can resist . . .
 They're sweet and lovely . . .
 They all go for grapes! . . .
 Don't forget the family . . .
 'Grape' delight . . .
 Full of South African sunshine . . .

To: South African Fruit Board, Brettenham House, London, W.C.2

I agree to abide by the rules of this competition.

NAME _____
 (BLOCK LETTERS)

ADDRESS _____

I bought my grapes from _____

(NAME AND ADDRESS
 OF RETAILER
 OR RETAILER'S STAMP) _____

Usual signature
 of competitor _____



The old man sat there, looking at the cradle and remembering. "For your godson," Maizie said softly. Even then, she knew that it would be a boy

THE CRADLE

by *STUART CLOETE*

It was beautifully made: the old man had carved it himself twenty years ago. All that time it had been waiting—waiting for the new baby to give it life

"**T**HERE'S PEOPLE WHO THINK that city girls are the only ones that know about love," old Rawlins laughed. "Lord," he said, "they think about it enough, as they go clicking around on their high heels, but they don't know much. How can they, poor little things—living in concrete canyons, and changing their clothes every five minutes. Moulting like birds," he said. "But did you ever hear of a bird that moulted more'n twice a year?"

We called old Rawlins the man next door. It was a sort of joke, because his homestead

was eight miles away. That, of course, is not so far in South Africa. He dropped in every now and again. A widower he was, and not really old: in his sixties, but that seemed old to us then, and we figured he'd been around a lot before he took to ranching. Educated, too, but careless the way he talked. Been alone too much, maybe, not meeting many people, and when he did meet anyone, they probably didn't know the difference. What they call a "character" was the man next

door. Maizie and I talked about him a lot.

"Lord," he said again as he filled his old pipe, "what's the country but one great courting place? That's all a girl sees around her. The birds, and the beasts of the field, all courting each other."

A funny old man he was, full of strange ideas like that. Maizie would make him coffee and give him meals when he came and he liked to be with us. Sometimes he'd stay the night.

Occasionally we'd go over to his place. Maizie would take the boy and give it a good clean-up. Needed it, too, because he did

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL RAINER

nothing about the dust. It was a shame, Maizie said, to let such nice things go to pot. He had some lovely furniture. China, pictures—all sorts of things that you'd never expect to find out in the bush, but he didn't care for them, and just lived in the kitchen. Had a bed there and cooked for himself.

He had a big herd of cattle, but kept no boys. They just ran wild, near as many bulls as cows. Every now and again a buyer came out and drove some off. Got about half the money for the bulls that he could have got for steers, but he didn't care. What he got was enough.

He didn't have a car. Just two old flea-bitten greys, called Charlie and Harry. Good horses, too, but, like him, old, a bit worn. About once a year he drove to the dorp, left his cart and horses there with the hotel keeper, and went to Jo'burg for a blind. He'd booze for a week or so and then pick up his horses and drive back.

"Bin on a jag," he'd say when he got back. "Fun ain't it, the way it comes over you? For a year I don't touch anything, an' then I want it. A wicked thing, the booze," he said. "Nobody knows how wicked it is."

That was all he'd say about it, but we thought there was more behind it, because when you live like we do, you invent what you don't know just to occupy yourself.

We often thought of what he said about the city. He was right, in a way. We didn't like it much, either, except for a change. City people didn't make much sense to us. They don't, when you've been away a lot. I suppose it's because they miss such a lot—things like a new spider's web strung with dew diamonds in the early sunlight, or impala jumping eight foot into the air as they cross a little path, just for the hell of it, just because they like to jump.

Whenever Maizie and I went to town we carried old Rawlins with us in our minds, so that when Maizie went to change her dress for dinner, we'd call it "moulting." And very fine she looked, too, when she'd done it. Like a bird in the spring—all shiny, and full of song and love. It was always like a honeymoon, and there's no good reason, that I can see, for not having a honeymoon every year.

We used to go dining and dancing. We went to the races and the pictures. We bought clothes and things for the farm. We laughed a lot and played like a couple of kids. Maizie was about twenty-eight then, and I was thirty-five. That was when we decided it was about time to start our family. We'd got the farm into shape now, and by the time the boys were ready to take over, I'd be able to hand over a lot of the work.

It was soon after that that I noticed old Rawlins watching Maizie, and it suddenly occurred to me, thinking back, that he'd always done it. And he kept bringing her things: presents that he thought would amuse her, old books from his house, wild flowers, game that he'd shot. He kept telling me to be careful of her, and not let her do too much. We used to laugh about it. "You'd think it was his kid," I'd say.

Maizie said he must be its godfather.

He was very pleased when I told him. "Godfather," he said, "that's a fine thing to be. Gives me a sort of right over the kid, doesn't it?"

That's something else city folks never understand. The slow rhythm of life, the seasons and the like. That was what Rawlins kept impressing on me—"Don't try to hurry things." As if I could. "Don't change things." That was when I'd shot a jackal.

He said: "You're doing all right, aren't you?"

I said: "Yes."

Then he said: "Don't worry. The jacks are God's, too. Same as you an' Maizie."

"And you?" I asked.

"Me?" He laughed shortly. "No, not me. I

belong to the devil. He's got me in a bottle."

"Only sometimes," I said.

"Now it's only sometimes. But he won't let me go—not entirely." Then he went back to the jacks again.

"It's balance," he said. "Kill all the jacks and the leopards and the baboons and dassies will eat you out of house and home. Kill the meerkats and muishonds, and you'll be overrun with snakes. Kill all the snakes, and there'll be rats and mice galore. Let well enough alone," he said.

And after that, I did. He had wisdom, did old Rawlins, the kind you don't get out of books. And a strange quality of love. Couldn't hurt anything. And I don't believe, except for game for Maizie, he'd fired a shot for years. He figured I didn't have time to hunt much, and it was true. Besides, he shot special things like korhaan—bustards that are royal game and protected, and young buck that he picked out specially for her.

And he worried a lot. Lord, I believe he worried more about her than I did. He worried about the hospital arrangements, about the transport. Was I sure the old car was all right, and so on. But we didn't worry. Not Maizie and me. She was as big as a house and as fit as a flea. Everything was going to be O.K., and we'd have plenty of time because we'd go up to Jo'burg early and stay with her sister. Old Rawlins said he'd look after our place.

THEN, one night, when he was staying with us, he told us something about himself. He said: "You've wondered about me, I guess?"

We said: "Yes, naturally. One always wonders about people, and you're the only people here."

"I got a story," he said. "It's a hell of a story, but you're good kids and I'll tell you."

"I'm a Canadian," he said. "I came out here in the war." He meant the Boer War. A lot of things he talked about were history. "I liked the country and I stayed. Met a hunter chap and went north with him. Elephants," he said. "I hunted for years, and did well, too. Then I married. A young thing—she was as pretty as a picture. Dark-haired, with a skin the colour of a new-scraped tusk. A hunter's daughter and used to the wilds like me. We bought a big block of bush and ran a fine herd. Apart from lions, we had no troubles. Fine," he said. "Wonderful life, and then we had a baby, a girl. And then Hester died."

He didn't make much of it. It was past grief.

"She died when Mary was six, and I raised her, out in the wilds like that. I raised my little girl. Lord," he said, "that kid could ride and shoot like a man. Nothing she didn't know about the bush, and no schooling other than what I gave her. I just let her teach herself from the books. She turned out even prettier than her ma. Full of fire she was. Ever seen a black opal," he asked, "like you get in Australia?"

I said I had. "Well," he said, "she was like that. Dark, but all alight inside. Straight as a spear, and though she was slight, very strong and bold. But graceful as a buck. Lord," he said, "the apple of my eye. But still I was lonely sometimes—the way a man is for a woman, but I couldn't foist a woman on to her, and that's when I began it."

"Began what?"

"Began to drink. Not much, just a drop on the quiet when she'd turned in. Seventeen or so she was by then, and a woman. I mean, she was the beginning of a woman. It was all there, but it'd take a man to finish it, to fetch it out. Ripe as a plum, and moony. She stopped singing and walked differently with her eyes down. I knew what she wanted, though she didn't. And so far I'd given her everything she needed, but this wasn't going to be so easy. There were no men."

He laughed. "But I had a big place, and I



Each day the three of them went along to watch

told her I would look for a manager. I knew what I wanted. A big, quiet, gentle chap of, say, twenty-five, with his head screwed on the right way. And after seeing a lot of men, I found him. Wilkie, his name was—Frank Wilkie. A good, honest boy. Clean, good-looking. A well-bred 'un, but no money. That didn't matter. We had what we needed. Now, knowing animals as I did, I knew that all I had to do was to run 'em together a while, an' let nature take its course. I was right. Six months, and they were in love. Then I began to wonder what it would be like without her. Not that they'd leave the place, but they'd have a house of their own. Well, once they were settled, I thought I'd get me another wife."

He looked at us and laughed. "You know," he said, "it's only boys who think there's only



the house being built. But Rawlins got more pleasure from watching the youngsters themselves

one woman in the world. When you're a man and you've got a good home, and money, there's plenty of women who're ready to share it. I had a few lined up; possibles, as it were. But I couldn't make a mistake and anyway, it was no use hurrying. First get the young 'uns fixed. I did that. They got married and I built 'em a house.

"EVERY day," he said, "we'd go along to have a look at the structure rising. But it gave me more pleasure to watch them than watch the house. Like kids they were. But I was lonely at home and I was drinking harder. Every day a little more. I was never drunk, but I was never quite sober. Then she took. Lord, I never seen a man quite so happy as Frank. A kid. That was all he had wanted to round out his

happiness. An' she was like a little cat looking for a place to have her kittens. Purring with contentment, making baby clothes and building a playroom on to the stoep."

He paused to fill his pipe. "They didn't have a car. One car, my big Nash, was enough for us all. And when the time came, I drove them into town. Everything was fine. No trouble at all. A boy. Eight pounds he weighed. A bit big for a small girl, but she was young and her bones were supple. Lord," he said, "we were happy, all three of us, when I set out to drive 'em home. I'd been drinking a bit while we were waiting. About a week it was, and Frank wanted to take the wheel. But I said no, and I drove."

He broke off. "Give me a drink, Maizie," he said. And when she had brought him one, he

said: "I'll take you over and show you the house one day."

"The house?"

"Their house. It's about a mile from my place. I keep it clean," he said. "It's just like it was."

Maizie looked at me. Funny we had never seen it.

He gulped his drink and said: "And the tree. I'll show you the tree."

"The tree?"

"The tree I drove 'em into at sixty. That was the end of it," he said, "their dream and mine. The end of their lives. And of mine. It had been for nothing. Nothing was left but me. The love. The place. The cattle. The time. All for nothing."

"Oh!" Maizie said. She was on her knees beside the old man, his hands in hers.

"Yes," he said. "That was the end of so much youth and beauty. The end of a baby that hadn't begun to live yet hardly, and the end of me. All because of one drink too many. And then nothing was left but the bottle that had betrayed me," he said. "I got it beat now. Not quite, but almost. I keep no likker at home, but on the anniversary I go up to town. Then I live it over," he said. "I live over those days. It took a week an' I stay a week. I'll go now," he said.

He got up and went out to the old grey that he'd tied to the hitching-post, pulled his nose up out of the forage he was eating, slipped the bit back into his mouth, tightened his girths and swung up on to his back. We stood hand-in-hand to watch him go.

We planned to go to town in a fortnight ourselves. That should give us lots of time.

WE were just about ready to go when I heard someone coming in a cart. I went out. It was old Rawlins, driving his two greys. He pulled up, tied the horses, went to the back of the cart and started to get something out of the back. It was something big and wrapped in burlap. I went to help him.

"It's for Maizie," he said.

We got it to the house.

"Call her," he said.

I called her.

"Something for you," he said. Then he said to me: "Open it, Mac."

I undid the ropes.

"A cradle," I said.

"Oh!" Maizie said. "How lovely!"

And it was. It was made of tambouti, a mixture of the dark heartwood and the outer wood that is a golden yellow. It was beautifully carved and polished like satin.

"Where did you get it?" Maizie asked.

"I made it," he said. "I made it twenty years ago. It was for Mary. It was going to be her baby's, but I guess it's been waiting long enough."

"For your godson," Maizie said. She knew it would be a boy.

"Yes," he said. Then he said: "Can I stay to supper?"

"Of course," we said.

"I'm not going to town any more now," he said. "Forty-times are enough. There'll be no need now that the cradle's filled."

But it was a queer thing about the house. The other one. We hadn't seen it because it was gone. Only part of the chimney left. He'd burnt it, the boys said. Put a match to it. And I realized then why he had no boys. They were afraid. You cannot mistake a heap of stones for a house, but Rawlins did. He went to inspect it and to clean it. To him it was a house and a young man and a young girl and a baby; a whole lifetime's meaning.

I told Maizie about it, and she looked at me. "He needed the house," she said. "I can understand that."

And then she looked at the baby. "But he won't need it any more."

THE END

MY MEN STORM THE CLIFFS OF DIEPPE

I was put out of action early, and was lucky to escape with my life. But my Commandos fought on desperately: the vital enemy battery on the top of the cliff must be silenced



THE BATTERY WHICH No. 3 Commando was to attack during the Dieppe raid was sited near Berneval Le Grand, a small village half a mile from the sea. It was known as the Goebbels Battery, and it commanded the entire anchorage off the town of Dieppe, which the 2nd Canadian Division was to attack frontally.

Before it were sheer cliffs, rising three hundred feet from the Channel's shore—quite unclimbable. There were, however, two gullies half a mile apart which were possible avenues to the cliff-tops. Continual air reconnaissances flown by the R.A.F. revealed that the German defences were being intensified every day.

I kept the vital details of the raid secret from my men, merely telling them that the Cherbourg peninsula project—which had been proposed, then abandoned—had been revived. One or two of the more clever boys soon spotted the difference in the cliff formations between Cherbourg and Dieppe from studying the photographs, but, on the whole, security was well kept. "You needn't pull my leg, John," Charlie Head said to me one day. "I know where we're going—or pretty close. How about Newhaven-Dieppe?"

I said nothing for a moment. Then: "If you think that, you needn't tell anybody else."

I saw by the photographs that the two gullies gave us excellent cover, and the needed approaches inland. Our plan was to make landings of about equal strength on each beach. The two parties were to work their way inland, coming in a co-ordinated attack upon the battery through the village of Berneval. If one landing failed, the other should be able to neutralize the battery by keeping it under fire.

Our Channel crossing from Newhaven was to be made in twenty small, American-designed landing craft—with Commando headquarters in a steam gunboat. Recalling our unfortunate Guernsey experience, I was not happy about the prospect of a sixty-seven mile passage in small boats. Peter Young, now my second-in-command, was to take charge of the more westerly landing. I was to force the entrance to the eastern gully.

From time to time one or other of my officers went with me to London to study photographs and maps at Combined Operations Headquarters. This meant, of course, that a few

Continued on page 22

While dive bombers played havoc among the men trapped in the gully, Peter Young and his troop climbed the rocks. It took them forty-five minutes—but the "impregnable" cliffs were scaled

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED LAURENT



On the rostrum in the sound studio, Louis Levy adds music to *His Majesty O'Keefe*, starring Burt Lancaster. Only dialogue is recorded on the set

Louis Levy puts music into the movies

by DENNIS HOLMAN

The man who invented "ghost" singers for talkies is now top of the backstage maestros—the stars that audiences never see



Levy arrives at the studios. It was he who solved the biggest problem of talkies: how to give glamorous stars good singing voices

WHEN STEWART GRANGER appeared in the film *The Magic Bow*, Yehudi Menuhin did the actual fiddling while Granger just went through the motions. One of Paganini's pieces had to be played on three strings at once, but when Louis Levy, the film's musical director, listened to Menuhin's performance, he could hear clearly that the three strings were not being struck simultaneously.

He said so frankly to Menuhin, who explained that only the construction of the violin Paganini used a century before had made the original *tour de force* possible. Menuhin had been able

to get away with his rendering on the concert platform, but not with the microphone amplifying his faults. It looked like a serious problem; then Menuhin handed Levy his reserve Stradivarius. "Louis," he said, "we'll play it as a duet. In the difficult passages I'll strike only two strings, while you strike the third."

Levy, the doyen of British film music directors, regards that duet with Menuhin as the highlight of forty years spent in making music for the movies. He is a bald, energetic little man of fifty-eight, now head of the music department of Associated British Pictures at Elstree.

It was Levy who solved the big problem of



Levy gets an idea during the filming of *The Dancing Years*. Listening to him (left to right) are continuity girl Daphne Heathcoat, assistant director Gus Agosti, dance director Frank Staff, director Harold French and (seated) producer Warwick Ward

the first "all-singing" pictures—that of finding glamorous stars with good voices. In 1930, he was working on a film in which the star, well known in musical comedy, was found to lack a top note, and it suddenly struck Levy as perfectly feasible to have a second singer who would sing just that one top note at the critical moment. It worked, and Levy went on to extend the technique successfully, until he was adding complete voices to filmed gestures.

The limit was reached when Patricia Roc "played" a spinet and "sang" in *The Wicked Lady*. A ghost voice was used, but later, when it was found that the song was too short, the voice was not available. An extra bit was added by a second voice. This was still not enough, but the second voice was also not available when required to lengthen it. So the final extension was added by a third voice.

The B.B.C. Was Fooled

Voice ghosting was once a close professional secret, with the best ghosts, such as Anona Winn, working practically under cover. Publicity men went to elaborate lengths to maintain fans' illusions, and were so successful at first that even the B.B.C. was fooled. "One day a variety producer rang me up from Broadcasting House," says Levy. "He demanded to know why it was that every film star who sang like an angel on the screen had a cold or mumps whenever he tried to get her for a broadcast!"

Levy's technique for filming music is today very different from his early crude attempts. For the first few years after the introduction of talkies, the music and sound effects were recorded on the set, along with the dialogue. It was a tedious process, and kept singers and musicians hanging about through the interminable changes of props, lighting and camera positions. With so many things that could go wrong, a dozen "takes" for each sequence was the rule rather than the exception. Once, Jack Hulbert made twenty-six takes, and finally had to be content with the first.

When the Jessie Matthews film, *First A Girl*, was being made in 1935, the unit had to go on location at night and in the depth of winter. The set consisted of a giant bird cage, with chorus girls in flimsy bird costumes, but next to nothing else, swinging on the perches. Filming and recording took so long that, before they

were halfway through the number, the shivering girls were falling off their perches. "Fortunately," Levy adds, "film music has progressed since then."

The modern sound track, he explains, is a composite of sometimes as many as twenty-four other tracks used together. But only the dialogue is actually recorded on the set. Every other sound—music, footfall, door-slam, shot, crash, roar, splutter, bell, crowd effect—is produced independently and inserted later. This is the job of the music director and sound chief, working under the producer.

The operation begins with the sound conferences, or "battles" as Levy describes them, after which he and the sound chief return to their desks to produce the music and sound plots of the film, describing exactly where the music and sound effects will be inserted.

With his music plot approved by the producer, Levy next does a breakdown—an exact timing of each piece of music required against a second-by-second description of the action and dialogue. The composer and his specialist arrangers work from this. After their creations have been edited and timed, and the band parts written, recording begins in Levy's sound theatre. Recently rebuilt, it is one of the most up-to-date units of its kind in the world.

Orchestra In Headphones

It was here that he made music recently for such films as *Captain Hornblower*, *Happy-Go-Lovely*, *The Hasty Heart*, *Where's Charley?* and *Valley Of Song*. The walls are painted in two shades of pink—rose and salmon. Levy's rostrum, impressive with coloured lights and switches, is wheeled into the centre. From this he directs an orchestra of headphoned musicians rising in tiers with their backs to the screen high up on the wall. Behind them, through double glass windows in their sound-proof rooms, are the soloists and choir.

But Levy was not always so comfortably off. One morning in the thirties he had gone to great trouble to secure the one sound theatre at Shepherd's Bush studios for his own use. But as he walked in he found the lights out and a film on the screen. He was furious.

"Who the hell's pinched my booking?" he raged. A short, boyish figure got up off a seat

and apologized before going out quickly. Later Levy discovered that it was the Prince of Wales. He was editing a film of one of his Empire tours.

Section by section the music is recorded in the sound theatre, the negative tracks being sent to the laboratories for processing, and then to the editor who synchronizes them with the action of the film. This is done in a "movieola," a machine with a peep-hole through which the film can be enlarged and viewed.

Finally, all the music and effects are dubbed by the recordist sitting at his "console," an elaborate recording instrument like a cinema organ, into which all the negatives to be mixed are fed and their sounds married into one conglomerate track.

Worked All Through Night

Levy's first connection with film music was in the orchestra pit. In 1913, two pioneer managers, Edward Laurillard and Horace Sedger, converted a picture gallery into a cinema, advertised it as Society's Picture Playhouse, and engaged Levy, then aged nineteen, as a violinist in an orchestra of twelve. One day the conductor dropped dead and Louis got the job.

For years he conducted the orchestra of the first super-cinema in London, the New Gallery. Sometimes he used to sit up all night, working on his scores. The right music could make a success of an indifferent film, he believed; at that time it was not unknown for an audience to be treated to something like an Irish jig during a touching death-bed scene.

Louis Levy comes of a poor Jewish family with a strong love of music. Because music lessons at threepence a time for all the family would have strained their finances, Louis had to pass his knowledge to his youngest sister, Rebecca. She still has her L.R.C.M. diploma, with her teacher's name given as Professor L. Levy: he was fourteen.

He has performed regularly at the royal residences ever since he was summoned, in 1922, to score the music for a private showing before King George V and Queen Mary of Flaherty's *Nanook Of The North*.

King's Remark Puzzled Him

The acoustics were poor in the Waterloo Room of Windsor Castle, where Levy had to give a concert before King George VI. A B.B.C. engineer, R. H. Wood, now the engineer in charge of outside broadcasts, was handling microphone arrangements. After the performance, the King congratulated Levy, who then admitted that he had been worried in case the playing was too loud. On the contrary, the King reassured him, it was just right, adding, "I can always rely on Woodie. He wired the place for my show, and I must say he did very well."

Puzzled, Levy later asked an *aide-de-camp* what the King could have meant. "Oh," replied the A.D.C. "His Majesty always refers to the Coronation as his show."

Levy has been in at the birth of many song hits. "Occasionally they happen by chance," he says. One night he was in Noel Gay's flat while the composer was idly strumming the piano. "I like that," said Louis. "Why don't you rewrite it as a song?" Gay did so, and it became "There's Something About A Soldier," which Cicely Courtneidge made one of her best-known songs.

His library, built up patiently over the last forty years, contains the works of most of the major composers and the sheet music of more than 20,000 popular songs. The only difficulty he has is with oriental music.

"Once I was asked to make Chinese music, and I did the best I could with the usual instruments of a European orchestra," he says. "But the producer was not satisfied and kept rejecting my efforts. In the end I made a recording of my first score, and played it backwards. The producer liked that. But he never learned the secret of my authentic Chinese music." THE END



He spoke through the inter-com, trying hard to keep his voice calm. She must not know how much he needed her, or guess the torture in his mind

THE ATOM-BOMBED AIRLINER

by *ERIC HATCH*

Harmon sat powerless at the controls. In one hour's time this would be a dead plane with dead passengers and crew, drifting on the edge of space

IN THE VALLEY OF Frenchman's Flats, miles away from the craggy mountain ridges that bordered it, a man with the life-and-death power of a lesser god glanced at his watch and reached out towards a telegraph key that stood on the table before him.

Then he paused, lifted a telephone and spoke into it.

"Is that westbound airliner clear yet?" he said.

"Sure. They're over the west ridge at

eighteen thousand—but let's give 'em two more minutes for luck, eh?"

In the instrument-lined cockpit of the big airliner droning and throbbing its way through the night skies on the last leg of a transcontinental flight, the plane's captain, Walter Harmon, sat at the controls. He was a big man, broad-shouldered and blue-eyed, with thinning hair that was greying at the temples.

At the moment his usually amiable face was

a hard, expressionless mask. He was looking out and down through the window on his left at the lightning from a thunderstorm that was raging among the mountains far beneath the plane. The tongues of lightning were stabbing down out of the sky like the darting tongues of huge serpents, licking at the grey jagged crags of the mountain tops, turning them to silver.

To Walter Harmon it was majestically beautiful. He was watching the lightning and thinking, with a heavy heart: that's one of the

Continued on page 30

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD OSMOND

Mr. Gottfried comes hunting for bric-à-brac

by WILFRED GREATOREX

The hustler from New Jersey is part of the American drive that has made big business out of the once sedate trade in British antiques

THE MAN IN THE broad-rimmed hat and horn spectacles picked out two pairs of Staffordshire pot dogs, a silver tureen and several items of Victorian bric-à-brac from an antique dealer's shop in the south of England. According to the price marks, the purchase came to £165. "All right," said the buyer professionally, "can I make you an offer?"

"I don't take offers from Americans," said the dealer. The customer, however, was persistent. He offered £160, adding: "And that's not much discount." But the shopkeeper shook

his head. "Most English dealers are only too happy to sell us the stuff," says George Louis Gottfried, of Summit, New Jersey, "but this guy gave me a lecture about the way we Americans are supposed to be stripping Britain of its treasures. He wouldn't knock a nickel off, and I came out without buying."

A sallow, quick-thinking hustler of fifty-two, with knowing and humorous eyes, Gottfried flies to London six times a year in search of Georgian silver, Hepplewhite chairs, Wedgwood china and as much Victorian knick-knackery as he can profitably lay hands on.

Recently, he walked into a little antique shop in London and, after a quick look, offered to buy the entire stock of curios—"mostly the sort of stuff the British throw out"—for £8,000. "The guy wasn't selling," Gottfried recalls, "and said the price wasn't high enough. But I could see he was just stalling. He wanted to save some of the stuff for his other American customers."

Wanted: Old Street Lamps

About five hundred American antique dealers and interior decorators are today regularly visiting Britain for furniture, tapestries, paintings, first editions, old jewellery, and curios such as Dresden vases, nineteenth-century lustres, silver candlesticks, bookcases, candelabra, coal scuttles, veteran barometers, four-poster beds, blunderbusses, pistols, cutlasses and even Victorian chamber-pots.

Once a Chicago dealer, who had to take an old and rusted street lamp in order to get some better-class items, sold it to a decorator, who electrified it and set it up outside a client's front door, thereby starting a new fashion. "Now," says Gottfried, "we can't get enough old lamps—stable lamps, carriage lamps, street lamps. Everybody in America wants them."

For most of his goods, Gottfried pays between five shillings and a hundred pounds, but frequently he goes higher for "something really good." On each trip he spends £10,000 in dollars and, with business booming, expects to spend more after the Coronation.

Under the drive of the Americans, the once sedate art and antique world has become big business and a significant dollar earner. In 1938, exports from Britain were worth £858,218. But by 1951 the annual turnover had grown to £4,607,979, of which £2,485,742 was spent on curios. Last year, curios alone accounted for



Gottfried bargains with the beretted Soesan.

more than £3,000,000. Though the boom is recent, the trafficking in antiques has been developed over the past forty years. "Once," says a well-known figure in the trade, "it was only the rare, the beautiful and the valuable works were leaving Britain. Now it is, more often than not, the obsolete and obnoxious."

As long ago as 1886, Joseph Duveen, later Lord Duveen of Millbank, opened the transatlantic trade route by buying Old Masters in London and selling them in America. He paid 377,000 dollars for Lawrence's "Pinkie," bought Gainsborough's "The Blue Boy," and secured a collection of 120 Italian Old Masters in London for three million dollars.

American museums and private collectors were stocking up from Britain at such a rate before the first World War that a committee of trustees of the National Gallery was set up to inquire into what was alarmingly described as "the nation's cultural losses."

In 1913 the committee reported that in the preceding few years more than five hundred important pictures had been sold out of the United Kingdom, among them fifty Rembrandts, twenty-one Rubens, five Velasquez, eleven Holbeins, four Correggios, seven Vermeers and twenty-nine Gainsboroughs. The majority had gone to the United States and Germany.

The story was taken farther after the second World War, when another committee was appointed by the late Sir Stafford Cripps to advise on the control of the export of works of art. In evidence, the Director of the National Gallery said that, since 1913, another forty-five Rembrandts had gone, along with forty Rubens, ten Velasquez, twelve Holbeins, one Correggio, one Vermeer and forty-eight Gainsboroughs.

Since 1939, however, the drift of valuable paintings has slackened. One Velasquez has



Cyril Soesan examines a dinner service. "The Americans want everything from a chair to a church, including ancient monuments," he says



Americans buy stuff that British dealers call rubbish



Bargain hunting in London's Caledonian Market, where curios are sold in the open air

gone to America for £74,000, and Rubens's "Prometheus And The Eagle" for £35,700.

Between the wars, complete old homes were sold to Americans. Among these were Agecroft Hall, near Manchester, and a house called Warwick Priory: they were dismantled, crated and shipped—brick by brick—for rebuilding. A Norfolk windmill was similarly transplanted. In the antique market today, windmills still have a price—but not as architectural entities. They are sought for their seasoned English oak. Entire panelled rooms are still exported occasionally to the United States, and Claribel Riffe, of Danville, Kentucky, recently bought an early oak room as a showpiece for her antique shop, the Covered Wagon.

"Nothing They Won't Buy"

"There's practically nothing the Americans won't buy from us so long as it's fifty years old or more," says Cyril Soesan, a London antique dealer, who is one of Gottfried's chief suppliers. "They want everything from a chair to a church. I could have sold the ancient monuments of London several times over for really big money."

Soesan, a square-built Londoner of fifty-two, known to everyone in the business, has been working at full pressure since the war to meet the American demand. He still marvels at some of his clients' requirements.

Besides such useful collectors' pieces as Wedgwood china, Meissen pottery, Paul Storr silver and Sheraton furniture, he is asked to look out for large quantities of ornate mirrors, brittle glass epergnes, artificial flowers and birds under glass, old spirit barrels marked "whisky" and "rum," and great-grandma's bedsteps.

A New York dealer cabled Soesan for several sets of wrought-iron gates. Other Americans followed suit, mentioning that they preferred

their gates with crests on. Not long ago an American gave him an order for thirty grandfather clocks, one hundred pairs of Staffordshire "dogs," twenty gateleg tables, one hundred lustre jugs, fifty pieces of coloured glass, ten brass fenders and one hundred sets of brass fire-irons.

"What they want the fenders and fire-irons for in a country of central heating, I've no idea," sighs Soesan. "There's no knowing what they will ask for next."

In fact, many of the articles are put to new uses. Fenders and fire-irons have become ornaments; vases and Staffordshire figures are made into reading lamps; egg-cups are used as table containers for cigarettes, and silver tankards for cigars; beam-scales are increasingly popular as flower-pots, and step commodes as telephone seats. Some Americans have converted commodes into cocktail cabinets, and sideboards into home bars.

A silver trowel, presented to a mayor of a Midlands town "for laying the foundation stone of the clocktower in the market-place" (as it is inscribed), turned up in one New York household as a pie-server.

On one occasion an American asked Soesan to find him an old sedan-chair. "What on earth for?" asked the dealer. Said the American seriously: "A telephone kiosk in the hall, of course." Since then, the eighteenth-century phone kiosk has appeared in many an American home.

As well as having an eye for what his clients want, Soesan knows also the exceptions to the rule. "They don't go much for blue ornaments," he says, "and they're less keen to buy a figure with arms, because it becomes much harder to make it into a lamp." There is also some sales-resistance to nude figures, and Soesan acquires

only those that are adequately draped. One day he noticed that he had been left, after one American sortie on his basement showroom in Gerrard Street, near Leicester Square, with a number of ornaments. "They had one thing in common," he recalls. "They all depicted hunting scenes—a dog at a stag's throat, the end of a fox, and things like that. The Americans don't like violence in their domestic sculpture."

In his dealings with the Americans, Soesan often uses an inverted sales-talk. He makes no pretence to like Victoriana. A few weeks ago, two of his best customers both wanted the same large and decorative long-skirted lady in biscuit pottery. They took him aside in turn, and a minor feud was developing when Soesan grabbed the ornament, held it deprecatingly at arm's length and said: "I wouldn't give it house-room as a lavatory-door stop."

Prices Have Rocketed

The Americans are used to this sort of criticism. "I know the English think that a lot the stuff we buy is just garbage," says Gottfried, "and I've heard it said we are suckers for giving good money for it."

Prices are certainly high. They have rocketed against the British dealers and Americans alike. Lustres once sent to the junk shops for fifteen shillings today bring pounds; unusual ones fetch as much as £10. Paperweights are sometimes sold for hundreds of pounds. Broken-down grandfather clocks are worth up to £50. A pair of Chelsea figures has been sold for £350 and a Chelsea tureen for £400.

Recently, a London silver dealer was offered more than £100 by an American for a Georgian ewer; he managed to talk himself out of the transaction when the customer said he intended

Continued on page 21

AFTER THE FUNERAL

by AGATHA CHRISTIE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

In this bed, Cora had died—horribly. Susan, lying awake, her nerves taut, tried not to think about it

HERCULE POIROT, the great Belgian detective, was in retirement. Only a case of the most exceptional interest could persuade him to forsake the comfort of his London home—a case such as that of Richard Abernethie, who died “suddenly, at his residence,” and his youngest sister, Cora Lansquenet, who asked awkward questions at the funeral. Cora was also found dead at home—hacked to death with a hatchet.

The case had been brought to Poirot by his old friend, Mr. Entwhistle, Richard Abernethie's solicitor. Richard, a wealthy business man, had been a friend as well as a client, and Mr. Entwhistle had travelled north to Enderby Hall, the Abernethie mansion, to attend the funeral. It was while he was reading the will that Cora had blurted out, in front of the whole family: “But he *was* murdered, wasn't he?”

Poor, stupid, tactless Cora! How like her to say something silly and startling like that. . . . But was it so silly? According to Miss Gilchrist, Cora's genteel, twittery companion, Richard had told Cora that someone was trying to poison him. And old Lanscombe, Richard's butler, had overheard him mumbling something about “setting traps” for someone. . . .

Poirot was quick to seize on this. If Miss Gilchrist knew something that connected the two deaths, she must not be left alone, possibly in danger. He was reassured to learn that Susan, Richard's niece, was going to stay

with Miss Gilchrist. At the family's request, the companion was staying on at Cora's cottage in Lytchett St. Mary.

Meanwhile, Mr. Entwhistle had been making discreet inquiries about the rest of the family. For Helen, widow of Richard's brother, Leo, he had a weak spot. Taking her into his confidence, he told her that Poirot had begun to investigate.

Helen, too, had a confidence. She was worried—by something apparently trivial. Thinking over the scene in the big drawing-room at Enderby Hall on the day of the funeral, she recalled Cora's devastating remark—“But he *was* murdered, wasn't he?”—and the shocked faces of the family. . . . The scene jarred on her memory. Something about it was *wrong*; she couldn't say what.

Mr. Entwhistle told her not to worry—it would come to her; and when it did, she was to let him know. Meanwhile, he had to attend the inquest on Cora at Lytchett St. Mary.

PART 3

Susan Comes To Stay

MISS GILCHRIST pulled her black felt hat down firmly on her head and tucked in a wisp of grey hair. The inquest was set for twelve o'clock and it was not quite twenty past eleven. Her grey coat and skirt looked quite nice, she thought, and she had bought herself a black blouse. She wished she could have been all in black, but that would have been far beyond her means.

She looked round the small, neat bedroom and at the walls hung with representations of Brixham Harbour, Cockington Forge, Anstey's Cove, Kynance Cove, Polflexan Harbour, Babbacombe Bay—all signed in a dashing way: *Cora Lansquenet*. Her eyes rested with particular fondness on Polflexan Harbour.

She was disturbed from her reverie by the sound of the door-bell below.

“Dear me,” murmured Miss Gilchrist, “I wonder who—”

She went out of the bedroom and down the rather rickety stairs. The bell sounded again and there was a sharp knock.

For some reason Miss Gilchrist felt nervous. For a moment or two her steps slowed, then she went rather unwillingly to the door, adjuring herself not to be so silly.

A young woman dressed smartly in black and carrying a small suitcase was standing on the step. She noticed the alarmed look on Miss Gilchrist's face and said quickly: “Miss Gilchrist? I am Mrs. Lansquenet's niece—Susan Banks.”

“Oh dear, yes, of course. I didn't know. Do come in, Mrs. Banks. Mind the hall stand—it sticks out a little. In here, yes. I didn't

know you were coming down for the inquest. I'd have had something ready—some coffee or something.”

Susan Banks said briskly: “I don't want anything. I'm sorry if I startled you.”

“Well, you know, you *did*, in a way. It's very silly of me. I'm not usually nervous, and really I'm not nervous *now*. Only—perhaps it's just the inquest and—thinking of things, but I have been jumpy all this morning. Just about half an hour ago the bell rang and I could hardly bring myself to open the door. And actually it was only a nun, collecting for an orphanage. I was so relieved I gave her two shillings. But do please sit down, Mrs.—Mrs.—”

“Banks.”

“Yes, of course, Banks. Did you come down by train?”

“No, I drove down. The lane seemed so

PEOPLE IN THE CASE

TIMOTHY ABERNETHIE—younger brother of the dead Richard Abernethie. A blustering old hypochondriac, affronted at not inheriting *all* his brother's money. Childishly dependent on **MAUDE**, his fussily devoted wife—a big, capable tweedy woman.

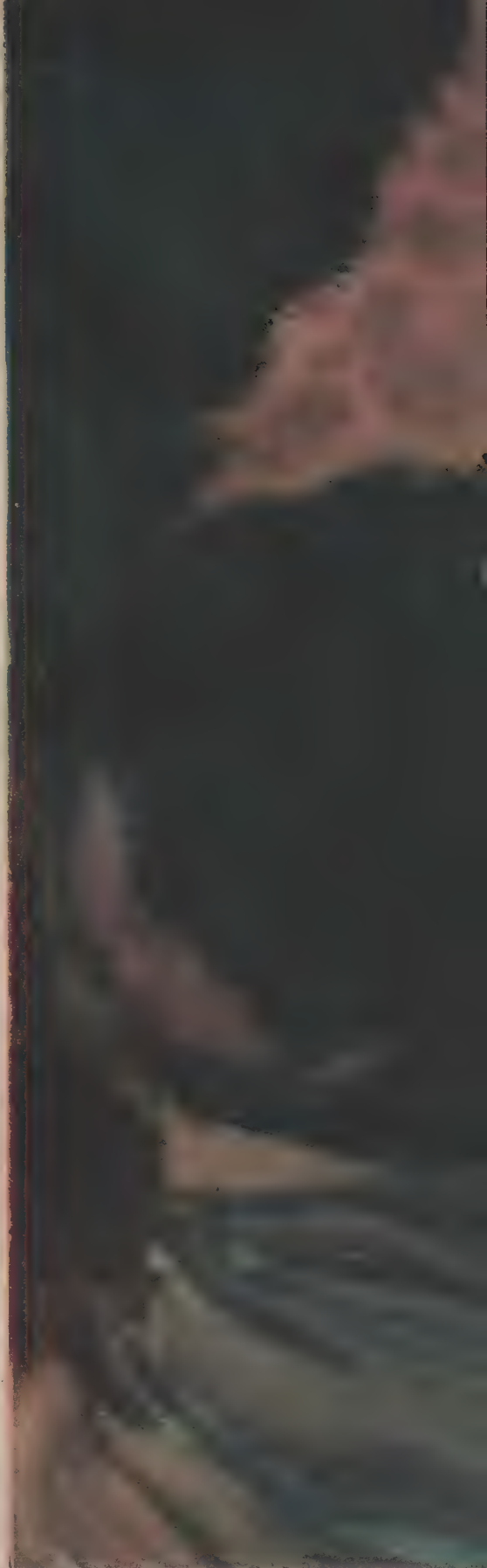
HELEN ABERNETHIE—Richard's favourite; his brother Leo's widow. Fiftyish, charming and intelligent.

ROSAMUND SHANE—Richard's lovely, scatterbrained niece. With her vain, ambitious husband, **MICHAEL**, earns a precarious living from the stage.

SUSAN BANKS—Richard's other niece, who inherited his good business sense and strong personality. Married—in spite of family disapproval—to **GREGORY**, a neurotic, ineffectual, chemist's assistant.

GEORGE CROSSFIELD—Richard's racy young nephew, who works for a shady firm of solicitors, and—Mr. Entwhistle suspects—has been speculating with his clients' money.

CORA LANSQUENET—Richard's youngest sister, found brutally murdered with a hatchet at her country cottage the day after the funeral, by **MISS GILCHRIST**, her twittery, old-fashioned companion-help.



At first Susan thought it was her imagination.



Then she heard the groaning again, louder. She raised herself and listened. It sounded like someone in acute pain, and it was coming from the next room

narrow. I ran the car on a little way and found a sort of old quarry I backed it into."

"This lane is very narrow, but there's hardly ever any traffic along here. It's rather a lonely road." Miss Gilchrist gave a little shiver as she said those last words.

Susan Banks was looking round the room. "Poor old Aunt Cora," she said. "She left what she had to me, you know."

"Yes, I know. Mr. Entwistle told me. I expect you'll be glad of the furniture. You're newly married, I understand, and furnishing is such an expense nowadays. Mrs. Lansquenet had some very nice things."

Susan did not agree.

"I shan't want any of the furniture," she said. "I've got my own, you know. I shall put it up for auction. Unless—is there any of it you would like? I'd be very glad——"

She stopped, a little embarrassed. But Miss

Gilchrist was not embarrassed. She beamed.

"Now, really, that's *very* kind of you, Mrs. Banks—yes, very kind indeed. I really do appreciate it. But actually, you know, I have my own things in store. There are some pictures my father left, too. I had a small tea-shop at one time, you know—but then the war came—it was all very unfortunate. But I didn't sell up everything, because I did hope to have my own little home again one day. But I *would* like very much, if you *really* wouldn't mind, to have that little painted tea table of dear Mrs. Lansquenet's. Such a pretty thing and we always had tea on it."

SUSAN, looking with a slight shudder at a small green table painted with large purple clematis, said quickly that she would be delighted for Miss Gilchrist to have it.

"Thank you *very* much, Mrs. Banks. I feel

a little greedy. I've got all her beautiful pictures, you know, and a lovely amethyst brooch, but I feel that perhaps I ought to give *that* back to you."

"No, no, indeed."

"You'll want to go through her things? After the inquest, perhaps?"

"I thought I'd stay here a couple of days, go through things, and clear everything up."

"Sleep here, you mean?"

"Yes. Is there any difficulty?"

"Oh no, Mrs. Banks, of course not. I'll put fresh sheets on my bed, and I can doss down here on the couch quite well."

"But there's Aunt Cora's room, isn't there? I can sleep in that?"

Miss Gilchrist's eyes opened very wide.

"You—you wouldn't mind?"

"You mean because she was murdered there? Oh no, I wouldn't mind. I'm very tough, Miss



"From John and Mary!" Miss Gilchrist cried, opening the wedding cake. "Now who can that be?"

Gilchrist. It's been—I mean—it's all right again?"

Miss Gilchrist understood the question.

"Oh yes, Mrs. Banks. All the blankets went away to the cleaners and Mrs. Parker and I scrubbed the whole room out thoroughly. And there are plenty of spare blankets. But come up and see for yourself."

She led the way upstairs, Susan following.

The room where Cora Lansquenet had died was clean and fresh and curiously devoid of any sinister atmosphere. Like the sitting-room, it contained a mixture of modern utility and elaborately painted furniture. It represented Cora's cheerful, tasteless personality. Over the mantelpiece an oil painting showed a buxom young woman about to enter her bath. Susan gave a slight shudder as she looked at it and Miss Gilchrist said: "That was painted by Mrs. Lansquenet's husband. There are a lot more of his pictures in the dining-room downstairs."

"Where are Aunt Cora's own pictures?"

"In my room. Would you like to see them?"

Miss Gilchrist displayed her treasures proudly. Susan remarked that Aunt Cora seemed to have been fond of sea coast resorts.

"Oh yes. You see, she lived for many years with Mr. Lansquenet at a small fishing village in Brittany. Fishing boats are always so picturesque, are they not?"

"Obviously," Susan murmured. A whole series of picture postcards could, she thought, have been made from Cora Lansquenet's paintings, which were faithful to detail and very highly coloured. They gave rise to the suspicion that they might actually have been painted from picture postcards.

But when she hazarded this opinion, Miss Gilchrist was indignant. Mrs. Lansquenet *always* painted from nature. Indeed, once she had had a touch of the sun from reluctance to leave a subject when the light was just right "Mrs. Lansquenet was a real artist," said Miss Gilchrist reproachfully.

She glanced at her watch and Susan said quickly: "Yes, we ought to start for the inquest. Is it far? Shall I get the car?"

It was only five minutes' walk, Miss Gilchrist assured her. So they set out together on foot. Mr. Entwistle, who had come down by train, met them and shepherded them into the village hall.

THERE seemed to be a large number of strangers present. The inquest was not sensational. There was evidence of identification of the deceased, and medical evidence as to the nature of the wounds that had killed her. There were no signs of a struggle. Deceased was probably under a narcotic at the time she was attacked and would have been taken quite unawares. Death was unlikely to have occurred later than four thirty. Between two and four thirty was the nearest approximation. Miss Gilchrist testified to finding the body. A police constable and Inspector Morton gave their evidence. The coroner summed up briefly. The jury made no bones about the verdict: "Murder by some person or persons unknown."

It was over. They came out again into the sunlight. Half a dozen cameras clicked. Mr. Entwistle, shepherded Susan and Miss Gilchrist into the King's Arms, where he had taken the precaution to arrange for lunch to be served in a private room behind the bar.

He said to Susan: "I'd no idea you were coming down today, Susan. We would have come together."

"I know I said I wouldn't. But it seemed rather mean for none of the family to be there. I rang up George but he said he was very busy and couldn't possibly make it, and Rosamund had an audition and Uncle Timothy, of course, is a crock. So it had to be me."

"Your husband didn't come with you?"

"Greg had to settle up with his tiresome

Continued on page 27

Dick Driscoll keeps an eye on the globe-trotting pets

by RONALD W. CLARK

A thousand dogs and a hundred cats pass through his hands every year. But not all his charges have been so docile. There was the affectionate chimpanzee—and the crocodile with a thirst

AUSTRALIA HAS A RULE that only dogs which have spent six months in Great Britain are allowed into the country. So when the owner of Peter, a Doberman Pinscher, wanted to take the dog from India to Australia, he was faced with the choice of abandoning his pet or sending him first to Britain.

He chose the expensive but more affectionate course. Peter was flown from Bombay to Britain, spent six months in quarantine kennels near Croydon, Surrey, and only then started his six-week journey across the world to Sydney.

"The dog arrived well and safely—but talk about going to Birmingham by way of Beachy Head!" comments short, greying Dick Driscoll, kennelman at Spratts's livestock services and shipping department, who saw Peter on and off his plane and boat.

Star Turn Of The Voyage

Every year, the department handles more than a thousand dogs, nearly one hundred cats, much livestock and sundry miscellaneous animals. Among these was the chimpanzee shipped to India in a private cabin. "He looked like a little old man, and was fully equipped with soft boots, brushes, combs and a mirror," says E. D. Grosvenor, head of the department.

"When delivered on board, he at once placed an affectionate arm round the neck of the chief officer and started to smoke his cigarette. Some months later, the captain of the ship came into the office here and told us how the chimp had provided the highlights of the voyage. He had his meals at a special table next to the officers, and combed his hair and looked in his mirror regularly. Once, he evaded his keeper and spent two days at the top of the ship's mast, basking in the Mediterranean sun. But he eventually reached Bombay safely."

Sending animals abroad is not so expensive as some people fear. "To Australia, by sea, costs something like £35 for each dog, excluding insurance but including food," says Grosvenor. The fare for a small dog weighing six pounds from London to New York by air is £15 5s. By sea it is more expensive—£26 5s.—because the charge is so much for each dog; it costs the same to ship a Pekingese as a Great Dane.

Few cats or dogs are either airsick or seasick, although high altitudes can affect them. Animals rarely suffer, even on the longest trips, and few have ever been known to escape. One fox-terrier, shipped from Liverpool some years ago, escaped from his kennel and jumped overboard just outside the harbour. The ship's butcher, who was in charge of him, threw the kennel after him. The ship was stopped. A boat was lowered. "The terrier swam to the kennel," says Driscoll, "scrambled inside it, then waited perkily to be picked up."

Spratts's livestock shipping department was started about fifty years ago. Until then the



Driscoll gives an Alsatian a final check before shipment. Behind him is kennelmaid Margaret Leat. It costs about £35 to ship a dog in its special kennel from Britain to Australia

Savile Row

FOR CORONATION YEAR



As illustrated

59/9

Top: Nos. 183/184. Tan Sports Ski Shoe, with crepe or leather sole
 Middle: No. 234. Tan Sports Oxford, with heavy leather sole
 Bottom: No. 173. Tan Step-in, with Mexican laced apron and crepe sole

Many other styles—ALL FOR MEN—from 49/9 to 79/9

Send P.C. for brochure and retailer's address to Savile Row Shoemakers, Dept. J.B.2, Northampton



Tobacco at Its Best



JOURNEY INTO BRITAIN

Harry Hopkins reports from OUR TOWNS

JOHN BULL is proud to announce the start of a great new series of reports on the towns of Britain—a series which will be far ahead of anything of this kind which has appeared since H. V. Morton's famous articles of the 1930s.

With its outstanding articles on the significant personalities and events of our times, JOHN BULL has won a unique place as the interpreter of this new Elizabethan age.

Now, Harry Hopkins, one of its most skilful writers, is to tell the absorbing story of the diverse regions which are "home towns" to the 42,000,000 people who live outside London.

HOPKINS set a new standard of contemporary reporting with his recent articles from the Far East. His work, wrote *The Spectator*, "ranks very high in recent political descriptive literature . . . a combination of insight and charm."

He is now touring Britain, drawing with his inimitable pen detailed portraits of the places he visits: their people—ordinary and extraordinary; their industries; their prides and prejudices, pleasures and preoccupations; the story, in human terms, of their development and growth.

For those who live in the places he describes, each of Hopkins's articles will be



HARRY HOPKINS: "Ranks very high in descriptive literature"

a memorable event. It will be the most complete—and in some cases almost the first—national appraisal they have had in their lives. For others, the articles will be a fascinating record of a journey into Britain—the story of the people and places which make up this nation, but which still retain their individuality and characteristic way of life.

THE first article in this great new series has taken Harry Hopkins to the "Five Towns" of the Potteries, among the people who make the world's finest china. His report is more detailed than a guide book, more evocative than a batch of snapshots, as human as an hour with the town gossip. It appears . . .

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

shipment of livestock had been rather a haphazard business, depending much upon the goodwill of individual ships' masters. The boom came after the first World War. Driscoll joined the firm straight from the army.

"In those days we often escorted animals abroad, and I once took one hundred coops of hens—fifteen hens to a coop—from England to Austria. Sometimes we had to wait for two days at a time at frontiers while the authorities found a veterinary surgeon who could pass all the hens. We didn't do too badly for food—I think we must have fed all Germany with eggs. I couldn't look at an egg for months after."

Another of Driscoll's early jobs was to take five pairs of foxhounds to Budapest. "No livestock or goods wagons could be attached to passenger trains, so for eleven days I lived with the dogs—all the way from Rotterdam to Hungary by slow goods train, sleeping in a corner of their wagon on a bale of hay. Even getting food was difficult, as under foreign quarantine regulations, which had to ensure that the dogs could not get out, the door of the wagon was wired up and officially closed with a seal."

Quarantine regulations in Britain today are tough but effective, for they have virtually stamped out the dreaded disease of rabies.

All dogs and cats entering the country must be detained in approved quarantine kennels, and special licences are required from the Ministry of

Agriculture and Fisheries before they can be landed, or conveyed for re-export. They must be moved in kennels specially designed to prevent escape and to make contact with any other animals impossible.

Great care has to be taken during these movements. "The animals must not make contact with the ground," says Driscoll, "and when an animal in quarantine is being moved from a ship it is necessary to take the kennel on board. This is easy if the ship is moored to a quay, but can be tricky with a ship in mid-stream. Often the kennel has to be taken out in a rowing boat and hauled up the side of the ship."

Driscoll handled Scruffy, the dog in the Charles Laughton film of that name, part of which had to be filmed in Italy. When Scruffy got back he had to go into quarantine.

"A special quarantine kennel was built at Elstree and I took the dog up there. Later, while he was still in quarantine, I brought him up to a preview of the film at Marble Arch—but people could not stroke him, only look at him within the special kennel."

Other famous animals handled by Driscoll include Simon, the pet cat from H.M.S. Amethyst, who was taken into quarantine when the ship arrived at Plymouth after her Yangtze adventure. He took ninety huskies from Thurso to London, and looked after the dogs for a Greenland expedition, and the Duke of Windsor's Cairn terriers.

Driscoll has been bitten only once in his thirty-two years of handling

animals. "It was not the dog's fault then," he says. "It happened at Paddington with a rather difficult dog. I was in the van with him, and had quietened him down nicely. Then the engine driver a few yards away gave a tremendous blast on the whistle. You couldn't really blame the dog."

The strangest animal he ever took on to a ship was a crocodile. "It was going from a zoo to an Indian rajah, and the chief officer of the ship asked me for its food for the journey. But I explained that the croc had eaten a meal that would last it for the entire voyage and would not become hungry until the ship arrived at India. All it needed was some water from a hosepipe first thing every morning."

Bitches in whelp have often been shipped successfully. On long voyages, such as those to Australia and New Zealand, they sometimes deliver their puppies on board.

"Years ago, when Australian and New Zealand farmers were buying replacements for their sheepdogs, they insisted on bitches being mated before shipment," says Grosvenor. "Eventually, the steamship companies found it necessary to make a charge for all puppies born on board and landed alive."

A Year Of Paper Work

One headache of the department is form-filling. "Most countries require a special veterinary certificate before they will allow animals in. Some shipments require export pedigree permits, some require value invoices, some want Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries certificates, and some want export licences from the Board of Trade. It's nothing to complete seven or eight different forms for one small dog. Nearly a year of paper work is needed to send chickens to India. Every form has to be complete before the coops are placed in position on the lorry for their journey to the docks."

Most animals for shipment are delivered to the department in either London or Liverpool, but some are collected from their homes in the country.

Dogs are put into one of the specially designed kennels which are built in five standard sizes—known as "Terrier," "Bulldog," "Collie," "Greyhound" and "Great Dane." Plywood kennels fitted with a special water container are made for air travel. Cats travel in special two-compartment coops.

Almost invariably, animals are "adopted" by some member of the crew within a short time.

"On one occasion," says Grosvenor, "nine dogs were supposed to arrive in one ship, but when our man and the Customs officer went on board they found only the empty kennels. Nine members of the crew each had his adopted pet in his quarters."

Often owners meet the ship in which their dog or cat has been travelling. "There was one woman," says Grosvenor, "whose dog was arriving on the same ship as her husband, whom she had not seen for two years. She was permitted to go with our man to the place where the dog was kept, and at once began to make a great fuss of it."

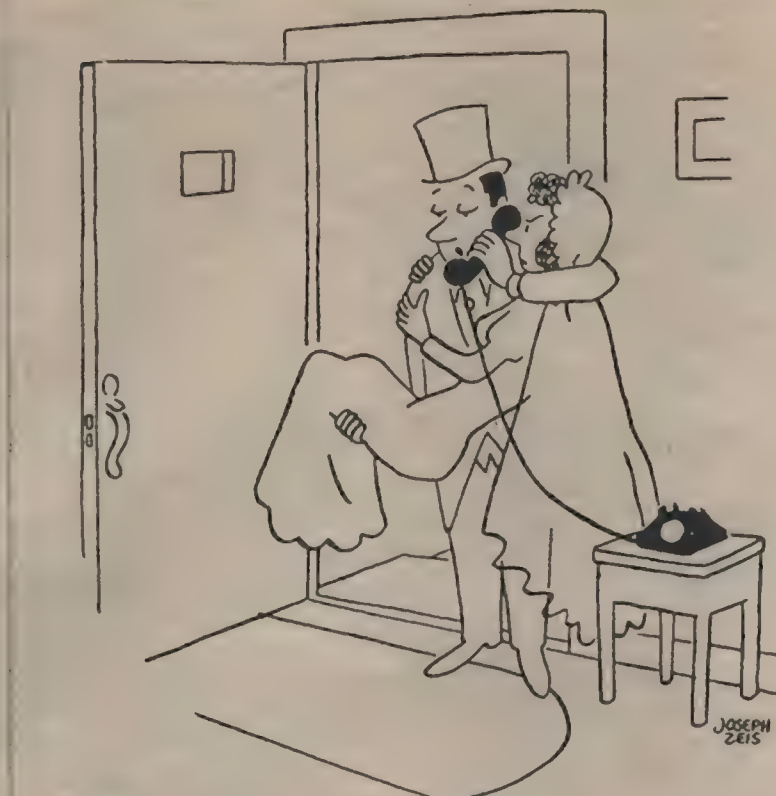
"She spoke to it, patted it, and fondled it for so long that her husband said: 'I'm here as well, you know.' She replied: 'Yes, but you can always speak up for yourself.'"

Dog That Is Banned

Most journeys end happily, but Grosvenor has a sad story about Marquis, whose woman owner had to leave Hongkong for Australia in May, 1951. Marquis was a prize Alsatian, whom she sent for the six months' quarantine in Britain.

"But we had regretfully to tell her," says Grosvenor, "that Australia, always difficult about dogs, completely forbids the import of Alsatis. She tried almost every way to get special permission to take the dog in, and even offered to have him sterilized, but the authorities wouldn't budge."

"Finally, Marquis had to be shipped to friends in New Zealand, where his mistress does, presumably, visit him occasionally." THE END



"Not much—what's new with you?"

MR. GOTTFRIED COMES HUNTING FOR BRIC-A-BRAC

Continued from page 15

to cut the ewer in two and make wall-brackets.

American dealers are usually represented, but rarely attend themselves, when country houses are sold up. Gottfried has been present at only one auction in Britain, and that was on his first visit nearly three years ago. On that occasion he had an eye on some solid glass paperweights. He quickly noted, he recalls, that only one man was bidding at all seriously.

"The rest were sitting on their hands just like our 'knock-out boys' do in the States. If I had opened my mouth I would have been led into paying fifty dollars for what was worth only ten." He let the paperweights go.

Gottfried relies on contacts among dealers. Unlike some of his rivals, he never uses "pickers" to buy for him over here. "It is a highly competitive business and you have to keep on your own toes."

When Prices Are Doubled

He prefers to deal with people he knows, because he considers that many dealers regard Americans as "mugs with money to burn. They quote you ten pounds when what they should be asking is two-ten. If they started at five you wouldn't mind so much."

This is one reason why Gottfried refuses to carry out special jobs for collectors, decorators or householders. Last summer, a New Jersey woman, back from a holiday in Britain, asked Gottfried to buy on her behalf a dinner service she had seen in a London shop. For once he relaxed his own rule, found the shop and priced the article. A hundred pounds, he was told. Gottfried tried to beat the man down, but failed and went away without the china.

Back in America, he told the woman it was not worth that sort of money; he explained that, with freight charges, insurance and import duty, the price would be almost doubled. "Even so, she was wild with me for not having bought."

Few Americans, visiting Britain as tourists or on business, go back without antique souvenirs. The wife of Frankie Laine, the singer, bought so many that he quipped that he had to do an extra concert to pay for them. The Andrews Sisters went in search of trinkets; Billy

Rose, the showman, spent some time looking round for items to add to his big collection of Paul Storr silver.

Not long ago, two elderly ladies from Wisconsin called on one London shipper, their arms full of bric-a-brac, and asked for it to be delivered to their homes. When the agent said they might do better to take such a small quantity with them, they explained that there was more downstairs. "What they had downstairs was 'nobody's business,'" he recalls. "But among the load were two grandfather clocks. How they had got the stuff as far as my place I don't know."

During the summer, the Caledonian Market, London, which has a specialized open-air trade in curios, is often packed with Americans.

One trader recalls a Friday morning when business was bad. Among his stock was a big Victorian washstand with a marble top—"a real horror," he admits. An American dealer came up. "What's this?" he asked.

"A Chippendale washstand," said the dealer, who recalls: "He gave me a tenner for it. For days, other traders were laying hands on every marble-topped washstand they could find."

When he arrives in Britain, Gottfried works fast. One cold December day last year he caught a taxi from the air

terminal to Soesan's premises even before booking in at his hotel. He looked at the laden shelves, waved a hand and asked briskly: "How much the lot?"

Soesan gave him a price, and Gottfried countered with a lower one. Then they agreed on an in-between figure. The consignment included twenty-nine carriage lamps, lustres, furniture, a Dutch oven, a pair of life-size figures in lacquered wood and "an important set of Wedgwood." The place was emptied.

"All I had left," Soesan tells, "was my desk, phone and fittings. It all happened so fast that I only began to wonder afterwards whether I had done the right thing. It made me feel sick. But the price was a good one."

Soesan keeps his sources of supply secret, but admits that he calls on about seventy dealers and junk-men once a week. Every Monday morning, with an assistant, he sets out with a van and a Humber saloon on a seven- or eight-hundred-mile round-up of the north of England, the west country or the south coast. By Wednesday, night they are usually loaded up.

Waiting On The Doorstep

Once, Soesan found that the cupboard was bare at almost every stop they made. "Another bloke was one move ahead of us," he says. "We altered our itinerary and made for Bath instead of going south. But when we got there the other dealer's car was parked in the street."

On Thursday mornings, when they unpack, Soesan's men often find up to ten Americans waiting on the doorstep. Trading is keen.

When he went into a Harley Street nursing home for a serious operation in December, 1951, Soesan was visited by a merchant who brought several cardboard cartons up in the lift. They were filled with antiques. From his bed, Soesan inspected them, then bought. A few minutes later he telephoned a West End hotel and sold them to an American.

Once, Gottfried offered to buy a load unseen. "I thought the stuff would dry up years ago," he says. "They must be dragging it out of the ocean. One of these days he expects to have to go to Paris to augment his stock, but the need has not yet arisen. Many of his rivals, however, buy heavily in France."

Every item more than seventy-five years old has to be covered by an export licence before it is allowed to leave Britain. By this means a check is kept on antiques of national importance, which cannot be sent abroad if there is a buyer in Britain.

Price Dropped £1,000

Few articles have, in fact, been turned down. Soesan once had a Wedgwood vase returned to him, but he had little trouble in selling it to an English collector.

On another occasion, however, when a foreign bid of £1,800 was made for an antique over a final English bid of £1,700, a licence was refused—and the English buyer then offered only £800. The owner was left £1,000 the poorer.

Not long ago, Harold Thomas, owner of Rodin's sculpture, "The Kiss," offered it to the Tate Gallery for £7,500 after rejecting a bid of £12,000 by an Australian.

The main problem of licensing, however, continues to be the volume of antiques, rather than their quality, now going abroad. Mainly, they are articles cleared from family mantelpieces, shelves and attics to make room for more up-to-date bric-a-brac.

Recently, a woman went into an antique shop with a pot figure which, she said, she could bear to look at no longer. Gottfried was in the shop at the time. "How much?" asked the dealer.

"Four pounds," said the woman.

"Two," said the dealer.

"Three," the woman demanded.

"Two-ten and the money's yours."

The seller agreed. "As soon as she had left," says Gottfried, "I bought it for three pounds." THE END

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Just thinking

MANY people imagine they think when their minds wander. But real thinking doesn't mean letting random thoughts pass through your mind. It means answering some question, solving a problem, coming to a decision.

You can't do this unless you can get at the point at issue and avoid sidetracks. You must see which facts and arguments are relevant and which unimportant.

Real thinking isn't as easy as you may think!

by ROFFE THOMPSON



- grubby walls near the doors
- paw prints near the windows?

Then you should know about the amazing new emulsion wall finish that can be scrubbed clean—SHERWOODS VELVETTE.

Even easier to use than distemper—dries matt in an hour—when it's ready to take all the wear you can give it! Almost odourless, too.

12 lovely pastel shades* and white

IS YOUR DOG A DIRTY DOG?
and for brilliant woodwork

indoors and out, there's SHERWOODS HIGH GLOSS—gleaming, brilliant, enamel paint that lasts. 32 beautiful colours (and black and white) all ready for use

Also: SUNRAY Oil-bound Washable Distemper, STREAMLINE Enamel Lacquer, Varnishes, Stains, Primers, etc.



* SEE COLOUR CARDS at your local Sherwoods stockists, who will gladly answer your queries about Sherwoods various paints... there's one for every purpose

SHERWOODS

PAINTS LIMITED · BARKING · ESSEX



April

Absorbed in their play, children know little of the complicated world outside their own homes and schools. Parents and others responsible for them bear this in mind and wisely turn to the Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Company when making provision for their future.

**MIDLAND BANK
EXECUTOR AND TRUSTEE
COMPANY LIMITED**

COMMANDO!

Continued from page 10

others in addition to myself knew of our destination. One morning, coming back to the unit's new, temporary headquarters in Seaford, the young officer accompanying me fell asleep in the electric train. He awoke suddenly, during that period of almost total silence when an electric train stops. In what seemed to me to be a terribly loud voice, he remarked: "I wonder if this Dieppe business will come off?"

Horrified, I took a quick walk down the corridor to see if anyone could have overheard him. The coach was empty except for a naval officer. I happened to know he was going on the operation, and had been briefed about it.

Soon after I got back to my headquarters, an M.I.5 man called on me. "A dreadful thing has happened," he said. "Two of your officers were heard using the word 'Dieppe' in the train this morning."

"That is a grave matter," I agreed. "I can assure you that I'll make the most searching inquiries."

He gave me a hard look and left. That was the last I heard of the affair. I believe I was justified in my action. The officer in question proved himself, not only at Dieppe, but in the years to come, to be a first-class Commando soldier, discreet and devoted to duty.

Pre-raid Conference

Towards the end of July I was called to a meeting at Combined Operations headquarters to help to draft the final operation order for the raid and to clear up remaining problems. The meeting was presided over by Admiral Mountbatten and attended, among others, by the late Air Marshal Sir Trafford Leigh-Mallory, representing the R.A.F., Captain Hughes-Hallett, for the navy, and General Roberts, commanding the Canadian Division.

It was customary at these meetings for everyone to put his point of view and then for the presiding officer to weigh the pros and cons and make his decisions. Leigh-Mallory was pessimistic about the raid. "I don't like this," he said. "I don't think there's enough preparation in the way of heavy bombing. And I think these Canadians are

going to have a bad time in the centre."

I agreed with him. After our recent tough battle at Vaagso—against comparatively minor defences—I was most doubtful of success at Dieppe, which was heavily defended. But it wasn't my place to say so. I was there only to comment on the rôle of No. 3 Commando out on the flank.

General Roberts did almost no talking, although it was up to him to speak if the plans were not exactly to his liking. He, like the rest of us, had every opportunity to speak up. Unlike Leigh-Mallory, he made no adverse comment at all.

Enter The Rangers

Admiral Mountbatten asked Lord Lovat and me whether we would be willing to take on the raid a party from the First United States Rangers—twenty officers and men. We were both glad to accept them. In fact, for my part, I was thrilled at the thought of commanding the first American land forces to operate in Europe in this war. They wanted battle experience: they were to get it.

The American party duly arrived at Seaford with Captain Roy Murray in command. He was a small, dark, cheerful chap, overflowing with eagerness to co-operate. I admired the American weapons, especially the Garand, which I handled for the first time. "Would you like to try one on the range?" Murray asked.

"Very much." When we came back from the range, I said enthusiastically: "This is exactly the weapon we've been looking for."

Murray was delighted. "We've got a few to spare," he said. "Would you like to keep that one for yourself, Colonel?"

I accepted his offer gladly. Murray gave one to Peter Young as well, and distributed a few to others of my troop commanders. I found the weapon accurate, easy to handle, quick—and generous with fire power: much better than the short-range Tommy-gun I had been using. Without a doubt, the Garand was a big advance on any rifle we had yet handled in the Commandos.

Anthony Head—now Secretary of State for War, and not related to Charlie Head, my adjutant—was in the summer of 1942 Staff Officer at Combined Operations headquarters. He arranged to ring me up and tell me to collect some stores on a certain date. The date mentioned was to be that of the raid, and this was to be a signal for me to get my unit cracking.

In mid-August the phone rang. "You'd better collect those stores on the morning of August 19," Anthony Head said. I thanked him pleasantly.

The Silent Watchers

Everything was ready. I called the troops in from their billets to brief them. They had instructions to bring all their equipment, as I could allow none to have outside contact once place names had been mentioned. Some of the soldiers looked thoughtful as the plan unfolded, but the mention of forty squadrons of air cover put everybody in high good humour. Such an umbrella had not been possible prior to this raid.

There were so many Canadian troops embarking at Newhaven on August 18 that No. 3 Commando had to queue outside the docks in the street for half an hour. The people emptied their houses and, sensing the importance of the occasion, watched us in dead silence from the kerbside. I heard only one remark spoken. A woman looked at Charlie Head. She said: "There's a tall one!"

Charlie later told me that, as a result of this remark, he spent the whole of the raid crouching down, self-consciously sure that his excessive height would make him a choice target.

We boarded our landing craft and prepared for sea. I was travelling in the steam gunboat with my headquarters. She was fast, but most vulnerable—laced with steam tubes which could be punctured by bullets or shell fragments. German air reconnaissance had spotted the large collection of ships and landing craft throughout the week, and this made it



**THE PROVED
DISINFECTANT
IN AND AROUND
THE HOUSE**

**JEYES'
FLUID**

LIFE WITH FATHER

MY FATHER, one of the most thoughtful men I know, has always made a big event of my birthday. For my twenty-first birthday, Mummy and I travelled to Liverpool, where he was playing in a show at the Empire.

His plan was that in the middle of his performance he would break off to tell everybody that he had a surprise, and a spotlight would be directed on to me, the daughter on whose nineteenth birthday he had first sung "Daddy's Little Girl"—which had become one of his most famous songs. He would then fly me a kiss and sing it again.

Naturally I knew nothing of all this at the time, though I did begin to wonder what was afoot when he started fussing about my hair-do; he had already bought me a wonderful dress and ordered orchids.

When the spotlight fell on me and I realized what Daddy was up to, I was on the point of tears. But suddenly I found myself laughing with everybody else. A fat woman, in a very happy mood, wandered on to the stage and, to save the situation, Father was singing "Daddy's Little Girl" to her.

I suppose I have got to admit that he has spoiled me: I am an only child. The bond is very close—we are a sentimental, affectionate family—and my memories of how it grew are all linked with the songs he used to sing me.

When I was small I would go to sleep only if he put me to bed. He would sing me a lullaby, and at the bedroom door he would say those lines from *Romeo And Juliet*—"Good-night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow..."

I can't think of my childhood without thinking of Daddy—even during the war years, when he was away in the army, there was always the excitement of getting his letters. My very earliest recollection of him is of when we lived in a flat in Isleworth, and a bird flew into the letter-box. He rescued the bird,

and, very tenderly, bandaged its broken wing.

The flat was above a shop. One day, I'm told, a little old lady who lived opposite knocked on the door. "Excuse me," she said, when Daddy opened it. "I only wanted to tell you that Sheila's playing on the ledge outside the window." The ledge was about a foot wide, with a sheer drop of twenty feet to the pavement. He went to the window. All he said was: "If you come inside, darling, Daddy'll sing you 'Rusty And Dusty.'"

The only point over which my parents are really strict arises, I think, from their anxiety about me as a child: I may go more or less where I like, but I must tell them. Daddy was playing in Bolton on my fourteenth birthday, and at eight o'clock Mummy sent me out on my bicycle to post a letter.

Soon after, he put through a trunk call from the theatre to wish me many happy returns and sing me a birthday song. When he heard I was out he said he would ring back, and for the next two and a half hours he put through a call every half-hour.

By ten thirty, both he and Mummy were frantic. Police cars were alerted—while I, oblivious of the panic, was playing with a friend's white mice in a field nearby.

Daddy's relief when he eventually got me on the phone was greater than his anger. He had run away from his home at the age of sixteen. I can't help feeling that somehow in his mind is the fear that his own daughter may one day do the same.

Success came to Daddy after many years on the music halls, and almost overnight there were hysterical fans, newspaper cartoons, thousands of letters every week, the telephone ringing all day long until we nearly went crazy. I was thrilled for my father's sake, but I could not help resenting the intrusion at first. It took away something of our old family intimacy.

Actually, I think I felt most proud of him the Christmas when



I was eight. We gave a party at a little place called Kerry in Montgomeryshire, and he sang his whole repertoire of kiddy songs.

If I ever get married I hope the man will have some of my father's qualities. He is a gay, gallant, courteous, sincere sort of person. I don't think he has ever hurt anybody intentionally. He is also most considerate. When we went to see Betty Hutton at the Palladium, he went back-stage later to tell her the name of his throat specialist, as she had had a similar operation to the one that stopped him singing for nearly six months.

We go out quite a lot together—shows, plays, dancing, film premières, occasionally to a night club. And when our new flat is ready, I hope there will be a few parties.

Daddy is lazy in the mornings—slow to get up, but he is a hard worker. There's an enormous amount of work behind the business of singing popular songs: he hasn't had a holiday for almost two years.

At present I am an unemployed actress. Once I tried stage management, at a theatre during one of Daddy's shows. But I must have touched the wrong control button, for suddenly the curtain descended quietly, but with an air of finality, right in the middle of one of his songs. By an odd coincidence, it was "Daddy's Little Girl."

Who are the famous father and daughter? Turn to page 31 for their names—and the complete photograph

essential for us to leave after dark. This gave us just time to hit our beaches before first light.

The steam gunboat set out at ten knots, with twenty small landing craft following behind like ducklings after a mother duck. An hour later, breakdowns began among the landing craft. By two in the morning, three craft had fallen out with engine trouble. The Guernsey lesson was repeating itself.

I had just awakened from a nap and was standing on deck, having left all my equipment and my steel helmet below. I strolled towards the bridge. Suddenly, star shells burst over our heads. The ship's captain said: "Look out! We're for it."

Gunboat Knocked Out

The shells made day out of night. I could see all our landing craft on our tail and, about half a mile away, five ships which announced their identity by almost at once pouring on us a stream of 40-mm. and small arms fire.

A destroyer had been detailed to escort us but, for the first—and last—time in my wartime experience, failed in her duty. She had found travelling with us at a slow ten knots too dull and had dashed off friskily into the

night. Now, when she was desperately needed, she was nowhere in reach.

The German ships teamed together most efficiently. They chose the gunboat as their principal initial target. She made a gallant effort to return the fire but, within seconds, all her armament was knocked out. I was busily engaged in ducking and weaving to avoid tracer shells which I could see coming straight for me. I was lucky. Only a few small fragments from the 40-mm. shells hit me. I seemed to be alone on the deck.

A naval officer on the bridge saw my plight. "Come up here!" he yelled. "The bridge is armoured."

I did not hesitate to accept his kind invitation. When I reached the bridge I saw that the armour-plating was not preventing considerable carnage. Some of the naval officers there were quite windy. One of them kept repeating, "This is the end! This is the end!"

I was inclined to agree with him. I blew up my Mae West and undid my boots. All around me the bridge was piled with dead and wounded like a collapsed rugger scrum. There must have been ten casualties there, all hit when looking over the top of the armour-plating.

One officer, whom I knew to be of

considerable naval experience, stood with his head and shoulders exposed and directed the ship. Then I saw him fall to the deck. "I'm hit!" he groaned. He was bleeding where a shell splinter had penetrated his skull. Brutally, I pushed him upright again. I felt he was our last remaining hope.

Then I noticed that the gunboat was slowing down. By now it was holed like a sieve, particularly in the engine-room. Steam hissed like a thousand snakes out of the pipes. I felt helpless, believing that the boat must sink and that there was nothing I could do about it.

When Dawn Came

The landing craft had scattered in all directions and there was none to be seen. Dawn was breaking but we were beyond sight of land. There was a slight haze on the water and nothing was visible in it. I knew that some of ten landing craft had been sunk—perhaps all of them.

Then my heart leaped as I saw a small boat push through the haze towards us. It was one of the missing landing craft, and I could make out Charlie Head and Lofty King standing up and waving towards us.

I shouted, "Come on board, Charlie!" Head clambered aboard. We

had a consultation and I told him to tend the wounded. In civilian life he had been a veterinary surgeon, and he set to work.

His first act was to get a large jar of rum from the gunboat's stores, and then the ship's first-aid kit. He did what he could with the many terrible wounds and gave each man a large shot of rum. I helped morale by telling the wounded that Charlie was a doctor. By the time the last man had been attended to they were the happiest bunch of casualties I have ever seen.

Leaving all the wounded in the gunboat, which almost miraculously no longer seemed likely to sink, the rest of us piled into the undamaged landing craft and headed for Dieppe. It was now broad daylight. After about an hour we found the main anchorage. I reported to General Roberts in his headquarters ship. I found him in a mood of the deepest depression.

"The raid isn't going at all well," he told me. "Number 4 Commando has done their job, but little else has gone according to plan." There was nothing I could do to help him with the handful of men I had available. I had to hang around for the rest of the day watching the spectacular air battle and feeling useless.

Fight To The Last

While I was thus negatively engaged, four landing craft full of No. 3 Commando men made landings.

Three of them, under Captain Wills, landed near the eastern gully, and disgorged men on the beach. Wills decided to attack the guns. Corporal Halls took the initiative to charge—and silence—one of two machine-gun posts on the beach. Others dealt with the second, but before it was silenced Lieutenant Loustalot of the U.S. Rangers was killed. He was the first American casualty in land warfare in Europe in the second World War.

Heavy machine-gun and mortar fire from other guns situated inland finally pinned down the rest of this group in the gully, just off the beach. Then the Luftwaffe took a hand, dive-bombing into them. Fighting went on to the last man, while the landing craft made several heroic but fruitless efforts to rescue the wounded. Sergeant Connolly tried to swim out to these craft but returned to shore exhausted. Only Lance-Corporal Sinclair managed to reach the landing craft and returned to Britain. The other survivors, all wounded, were made prisoner.

At the western gully, Peter Young arrived with the one remaining landing craft and but twenty men. Officers with him were Captain John Selwyn and Lieutenant Buck Ruxton—the originator of the crazy scheme to blow up the German Embassy in Dublin.

Young and his men found the gully choked with wire. They decided to climb up the cliffs around it. This took forty-five minutes, but the cliffs that we had thought impregnable were scaled.

The Villagers Waved

During this time the battery started to fire on the main anchorage. Young's party made their way cautiously through the village. They learned that the battery was of four guns and was manned by about two hundred men.

Young got two of his men to cut the telephone wires connecting the village to Dieppe. Most of the village inhabitants waved to the invaders, then hastily shut their doors as if they expected bullets soon to fly.

They came abreast of a church and just then a German light machine-gun opened fire on them. Ruxton, standing his ground, returned fire with his tommy-gun. He was joined by Selwyn and others, and the party pushed on into the churchyard. The German machine-gun was no longer able to sight on them and ceased fire.

Peter Young now re-formed his party behind the church. He decided to put their Bren gun and a couple of snipers into the tower and hold the area, but when they searched for a way up the belfry none could be found.

Young was desperately eager to engage the battery and keep it out of the main Dieppe battle. He tried to

approach it through orchards at the north-west edge of the village, thus outflanking any posts guarding the rear approach to the battery. In the orchard he and his men came under rifle fire. They managed to creep up to within two hundred yards of the battery's guns.

At this range they opened fire on the battery. The Germans now turned one of their big guns on Young's party and began firing it at a slow rate. Fortunately, the gun could not depress far enough and the shells whistled over the heads of the Commando troops and burst about a mile away. Small arms fire was buzzing angrily in both directions.

For the next three hours our party continued to harass the battery. They were so successful, changing their positions from time to time and beating off all opposition, that the guns never fired again at the anchorage. Finally, the time came to re-embark and the party made their way back down the gully with rifle and machine-gun fire following after them. Lieutenant Buckee, who commanded the landing craft, was there to receive them.

When they arrived back in Britain, Young and Buckee received immediate awards of the D.S.O. John Selwyn and Buck Ruxton were awarded M.C.s; Driver Cunningham received a D.C.M.; Lance-Corporal White and Privates Hopkins, Abbot, Craft and Clarke all received the M.M. All this made me feel better in spite of my own bad luck in being kept out of the thick of things.

Policeman Commandos

Losses at Dieppe amounted to nearly a third of the unit. Colonel Charles Vaughan, at the Commando depot in Achnacarry, promised me immediate replacements. He was in a particularly good position to do this, as he had just finished training a batch of six hundred police volunteers who were first-class Commando material—big, strong, intelligent men who all had police discipline and training behind them. I got 120 of them: the best material we ever had. By the end of October, 1942, No. 3 Commando was as good as ever; possibly a little better.

In mid-January, 1943, we were told we should be leaving the following month for Gibraltar and then the Middle East. We had, for some months, been headquartered at Weymouth, and as a final token of respect for the local people we decided to give them an outstanding church parade.

It was the smartest, most impressive church parade I have ever attended. Our 120 police added to the picture of military precision by their size and bearing. There was one small hitch. The service had been fixed by Charlie Head for the main church. I had never been there. After the parade was a quarter of a mile under way I suddenly realized I did not know where we were going.

I made an urgent signal for Charlie Head to come up beside me. "Where is the church?" I asked him in an urgent whisper.

He looked at me in surprise. "I don't know: I thought you did."

I was very nearly in a panic. There I was, leading five hundred men on a special parade with half the population of the town watching—and I didn't have the faintest idea where to lead them.

He Chanced It

Luck came to my rescue. Just as I was most worried, we rounded a corner and a large church loomed in front of us. The door was open, the approaches were lined with people who seemed to be waiting for someone to enter. I took a chance and led my five hundred men through the door of the church. I was right. I doubt if I have ever felt so relieved.

A few days later, a signal came, ordering me to go on by air to Gibraltar. I did. Peter Young brought the unit along later. Our rôle in Gibraltar was to be prepared to launch seaborne landings against Spain, but only if Hitler marched into the country.

By mid-April, we were moved on to North Africa. There—in Algiers—I



"You certainly aren't a very good sport. Everyone else I showed it to thought it was very funny!"

found the worst, most depressing headquarters of my entire experience. Nobody seemed to know—or care—about anything. A trivial incident involving one swine of an officer was typical of this attitude.

One day he asked me to luncheon. I arrived punctually at the headquarters, which was half-British, half-American manned. I was told to wait. Much later he came downstairs. "Oh, Colonel," he said, "our luncheon is off. I'm having mine with General—"

A group of American officers overheard this remark. They kindly offered to take me to lunch with them, at the same time making it clear that they deplored the bad manners and ill-breeding of their English colleague.

"They aren't all so bad," I felt impelled to say.

"We know that," my American host grinned.

With Peter Young I went to Eisenhower's planning H.Q. in a village schoolhouse three miles south of Algiers. Colonel Anthony Head had just come from London to help the planners, and we were shown into his office by someone who must have thought we had already been briefed about the plan to invade Sicily.

Studied Secret Plans

Head was delayed about half an hour. The plan for Sicily was laid out invitingly on his desk, and I took the opportunity of looking it over.

I was shocked. "This is one of the worst plans I have ever seen," I said to Peter. It called for innumerable small, dispersed landings all around the south and east coasts from Palermo to Catania. I saw by the intelligence summary that there were two first-class German divisions with armour attached and a very large number of Italian troops on the island.

My impression was that the Germans had arranged themselves to be very mobile so that they could meet attacks where they came. I was sure our plan of dispersed attacks would fail.

Naturally, when Head arrived, I failed to mention that I had been studying the highly secret plans on his desk. "The rôle of No. 3 Commando," Head told me, "would probably be to go in and capture one of the batteries covering the beaches."

This information enabled us to start training on the proper lines. I am, of course, sure that if I had been able to discuss the plan with Anthony he would have agreed wholeheartedly with my criticisms. Later, I heard he had made constant efforts to bring sense to the rather curious planning team then assembled at Algiers. At any

rate, soon after this the unit was moved off to join the Eighth Army.

We had an extraordinary journey by rail to Tebessa. The track had been quite recently opened up and the carriages were very old-fashioned. No. 6 Commando had been badly shot up from the air when travelling along this track some months previously, and their engine driver had stopped the train and run off when the first hostile aircraft appeared. I made sure this would not happen to us. We had two former engine drivers in No. 3 and I put them in the engine to keep the civilian driver company.

Arab Train Thieves

The sanitary accommodation on the train was of the most primitive nature, and I had to forbid my men from using it. Instead, we had to rely on stops. Since the stops came at irregular intervals, the windows had sometimes to be used in emergencies. The trip took four days in all.

Whenever we stopped, Arabs appeared like magic offering eggs for bully-beef. While this trade went on, other Arabs sneaked around to the far side of the train in an attempt to steal blankets, rifles or anything else that appealed to them.

One of them made the mistake of trying to take Lofty King's rifle while Lofty was looking. Lofty grabbed another rifle, shot the culprit and jumped out to retrieve his own weapon.

At Tebessa Station, an Eighth Army

staff officer was waiting to meet us. "We are delighted," he said, "to have the Commandos with us. We've heard a lot about you." The contrast with Algiers, where no one had cared, was wonderful.

For fourteen years as a Regular soldier I had suffered from the atmosphere of pompous staff officers who invariably said "no" and stifled all initiative. There had been the stultifying military obstruction of Plymouth—and most recently of Algiers.

From the moment we joined the Eighth Army, everything was delightfully different. We were looked after and administered as if we had operated throughout the desert campaign with them. Nothing was too much trouble. Everybody was courteous, helpful, efficient. The army took its tone from General Montgomery, its commander, and his influence spread right down to the lorry drivers, who would always stop and give you a lift.

At Dempsey's H.Q.

We moved into a camp a few miles from Alexandria and I went with Charlie Head to Cairo to meet General Dempsey for the first time. The general had established a small planning headquarters run by his 13th Corps, which was to launch the initial assault in Sicily. By this time Monty had altered the original Sicily plan so that his attack would be a more concentrated assault on the south-east corner of the island.

Dempsey took a good look at me when I entered his office. "Have you done any of these Commando operations, Slater?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," I replied. "Guernsey, Norway twice and Dieppe." I could see I had still made no impression on him. I was to learn that General Dempsey liked to take his time when judging people.

Dempsey was running the Sicily planning temporarily while Monty finished the North Africa battle. He gave me the specific details of No. 3's job in the assault. We were to be put ashore on the flank before the main landings, so that we could soften up beach defences and capture a battery sited to fire along the landing area. This would give the 5th Division a better chance of getting ashore with minimum trouble.

Our landing was to be made a few miles south of Syracuse, and the battery we were after was three miles inland in an olive grove behind the village of Cassibile. The beach the battery covered was of great importance to 13th Corps, as the brigade to be landed there was to help the Airborne Brigade to capture Syracuse, on which the entire army plan depended.

Rehearsal For Invasion

I decided to lead the attack on the battery in person with half the Commando, leaving Peter Young to deal with pill-boxes and beach defences with the remaining three troops. After I had studied the plan with care, I told General Dempsey that I could put the battery out of action in ninety minutes from the time we touched the beach.

"Right," the general said.

We moved to Suez for final training and, finding a bit of sea facing the right way—the top corner of the Gulf of Suez—built a dummy battery at exactly the right distance from salt water and reproduced as many of the features of the landscape of Sicily as we could. We made twelve full-scale rehearsals. General Dempsey expected our best and he was going to get it.

He came to see us in training. I knew I had him on my side after he saw one of our rehearsals, complete in every detail. "I shan't have much worry about you," he said. I thought he sounded excited. Monty came to see us, too, and appeared just as satisfied with our work.

Then came the day when we boarded our ship and set out for Sicily.

NEXT WEEK: How the Commandos hit the beach. "Commando" by Brigadier John Durnford Slater, D.S.O., is published this week by William Kimber at 15s.

FORGOTTEN PEOPLE

FOLLOWING the success of Roger Buliard's story of life among the Eskimos, JOHN BULL presents another great travel-adventure series—*Forgotten People*.

Written by a Swedish soldier-adventurer, Alfred Vogel, it tells of the Papuans and pygmies, who, cut off from civilization, live a strange stone-age existence in the uncharted interior of New Guinea.

The story of Vogel's exciting explorations begins . . .

IN JOHN BULL, APRIL 18

The Island that
has everything!



FREE 100 page illustrated Guide on request from:
D. J. Bond, Tourist Board

ISLE OF MAN

CORONATION YEAR 1953
One great round of holiday pleasure
PORTSMOUTH and SOUTHSEA
SEND NOW for 88-page Pictorial Guide (6d. stamp), A. KITCHEN, Room 51, Enquiry Bureau, SOUTHSEA. Frequent Refreshment Car Electric Trains from London (Waterloo).
MAGNIFICENT SEA FRONT & GARDENS

We always go to
LOWESTOFT and OULTON BROAD
—you can't beat it for family holidays!
Where BRADLAND meets the SEA. All you expect to find at the seaside plus all the joys of Broadland. Guide free (2d. stamp), Publicity Manager, Room 5, 7 Esplanade.

A Holiday at BRIDLINGTON
will crown your year
Guide & Street plan (6d) from Dept. 13, Information Bureau. Old People's Holidays June & Sep.

WESTON SUPER MARE
There's Spring in the Air...
...and plenty to see and do at Somerset's big sea-side resort.
For rail services enquire at Stations, Offices and Agents.
GUIDE FREE FROM K. B. TURNER, TOWN HALL

NORTH-EAST-WEST
HOLIDAY COSTS SLASHED
By "AN-IN" Weekly Tickets.
Exciting new attraction.
TRAVEL BY RAIL
(Guide and Holiday News (2d. stamp) from Inquiry Bureau, 26, Pier Hill, SOUTHEND-ON-SEA.)
SOUTHEND'S BEST

Pleasure bound for
Paignton
PRIDE OF DEVON
Guide and street plan (6d.) from S. Lovagrove, Dept. 16, Old Town Hall, Paignton. For Rail Services enquire at Stations, Offices & Agencies.

The Family Resort of **TORBAY**
Set the "seal" on Coronation Year with a Happy Healthy Holiday at
HUNSTANTON
Queen of the Norfolk Coast
8 miles from Sandringham
Guide (Post 3d.) from
W. Stoney, Council Offices
Travel by Rail

EASTBOURNE
The earlier the better
A whole round of Entertainment and Sports. Most Hotel rates reduced by roughly 20% in the early season. Hourly buses from London (Victoria).
Guide & Events List (6d.) from W. P. Lee, Information Bureau.
SUN TRAP OF THE SOUTH

LITTLE GUIDE to VILLAGE INNS
Farms, Hotels and Guest Houses
What's your fancy—a luxury hotel, a country house, a village inn, a farm, or a tiny cottage rustle-beds by the sea? Whatever it is, the Bkide-a-White Book can help you to your happiest holiday, for this unique little treasury highlights the recommended hospitality of Britain with full details of terms (to suit all pockets), amenities, etc. A book for holidays and honeymoons already used by thousands of choosy folk.
3/6. post 9d., direct from: J. VICTOR HILTON, 45 FLEET STREET, TORQUAY. Head for your copy today.

JOHN BULL'S HOLIDAY GUIDE



Make that
dream holiday
a real holiday in

Ireland

It's the holiday you've always promised yourself: lazing through long Spring days in the enchantment of tender green hills sprinkled with snow-white cottages . . . amid mystic blue mountains . . . by tumbling trout streams—wherever feet or fancy take you.

In Ireland, you'll find the food quite magnificent, facilities for sport that are unmatched anywhere. It's so easy to reach, too—a matter of hours by land, sea, air. The journey is quick and easy. No travel documents or foreign money are needed.

Use the frequent services provided by British Railways, Aer Lingus (Irish Air Lines), B & I Line, and C.I.E. (Ireland's Transport Company).

For full information and official list of hotels and guest houses, consult your travel agent or IRISH TOURIST BUREAU—

LONDON 19 Regent St., S.W.1. Tel: Whitehall 0838 • DUBLIN 14 Upper O'Connell St., Tel: 44719, 44710

Four Seasons Holidays in Austria
WRITE FOR FREE BROCHURE TO
FOUR SEASONS TRAVEL LTD.
49 DOVER ST., LONDON, W.1 GRO 7853

SEE SPAIN FROM 33 GHS
AND ANDORRA Fully incl.
15 DAY HOLIDAYS
PALMA, COSTA BRAVA, IBIZA, etc.
REDUCED RATES BY AIR
Write for FREE Illustrated Brochure
SEE SPAIN LTD. (Dept. J.B.)
78 New Oxford St., W.C.1. MUS 9351/2

HOLIDAYS!
GO WALLACE ARNOLD
Travelling is a pleasure on these all inclusive luxury coach tours
In England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, and the Continent
Write NOW for illustrated brochure

WALLACE ARNOLD TOURS LTD.
8 Park Lane, Croydon. Tel. 7255
59 Corn Exchange, Leeds, 1. Tel. 3069115
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
Post unsealed in 14d. envelope

ALL FULLY INCLUSIVE
FROM 14 TO 20 GHS.
CHOICE OF 4 TOURS
8 DAY IRISH TOURS
TOURING
KILLARNEY MTS OF MOUNTE CORE
GALWAY BAY CONNEMARA TRALEE
LIMERICK TIPPERARY BLARNEY
CARLINGFORD LOUGH DUBLIN CITY COBH
WICKLOW SHARROCK ATHLOE AVOCA
Based from Killarney Castle Hotel, tours are inclusive: accommodation, meals, boat tickets, 600-1,000 miles touring, coaches, canteens, cinema shows, etc.
(Fully booked July 28th)
Send for free illustrated Brochure to Dept. J.B.1.
ARROWSMITH HOLIDAYS LTD.
15 PARADISE ST. LIVERPOOL 1: ROYAL 1634

PERRAN-SANDS HOLIDAY CAMP
Perranporth, Cornwall

Spend a carefree, economical holiday on Britain's loveliest coast. Surf-riding, swimming, tennis or lazy days in glorious Cornish scenery. Excellent accommodation and pay-as-you-eat, eat-when-you-like terms in the camp canteen. Excellent food, club licence. Dancing, concerts, indoor games. Write for brochure. 'Department "J."'

IRELAND'S OWN HOLIDAY CAMP
This lovely camp, on Red Island, has everything—unlimited food, no money restrictions, tennis, dancing, cinema and other amusements FREE, FULLY LICENSED, OUR NEW "COMFORT PLAN" OFFERS 8 FULL DAYS HOLIDAY FROM £8-17-0 Inc. RETURN
STEAMER TRAVEL Holyhead Dublin. We arrange travel vouchers and sailing tickets.
Send P.C. for Brochure
Red Island Holiday Camp
DEPT. 59, 18 FLEET ST. DUBLIN

Butlin's
Britain's Best Holiday Value
FREE BROCHURE describing 6 perfect holidays from:
439 OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1



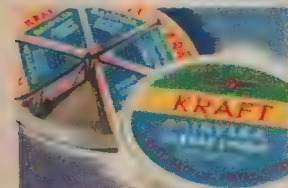
Only the finest tomatoes,
RIPENED IN MEDITERRANEAN
SUNSHINE, go into this
ketchup

Sausages fit for a queen

Have you tried serving fried apple rings with sausages? It's a truly wonderful combination. Core the apples, but don't peel. Then cut in half-inch slices and fry on both sides in a very little fat. Never miss serving Kraft Tomato Ketchup with savoury hot dishes like this. It tastes of fresh tomatoes because it's made from fresh tomatoes. A perfect appetizer!



My! what Salad Cream—so smooth and tempting. Kraft Salad Cream is deliciously smooth and creamy, with just that delicate tang that brings out the full flavour of the lettuce.



It spreads! Dairylea Cheese Spread, rich in butter, has an exceptionally delicious flavour, and spreads easily on bread or biscuits. There's no finer "portion" cheese on the market—but it's in very great demand!



Grated Parmesan. The finishing touch that "makes" so many savoury dishes! Sprinkle Kraft Grated Parmesan on spaghetti, macaroni, omelettes. Have you tried it on soup? It's a Continental idea becoming popular here. Try it!

KRAFT  FOODS

KRAFT

experts in making fine foods

KRAFT FOODS LIMITED, HAYES, MIDDLESEX

Roly-Poly

pudding
or pie

CHIVERS ROLY-POLY
½-lb Self Raising Flour
3-oz Suet · pinch of salt
Chivers' Jam

Shred the suet. Mix flour, salt and suet together. Add sufficient cold water to make a firm dough and roll this out to a quarter inch thick. Spread with Chivers Jam. Damp edges with water, roll up and seal ends. Wrap in greased grease-proof paper, and tie in a cloth. Steam or boil for 1½ hours.



Who dreamt this one?

Mother again. Give her a bouquet.

She is a genius. She knows the fruity

taste of Chivers Jam makes an

every-day dish an inspiration.

Served hot or straight from the

jar, jam means everything to

her when it's Chivers.



Made by particular people
for particular people.

best with

CHIVERS
Jams

Chivers & Sons Ltd., The Orchard Factory, Histon, Cambridge, and at Montrose, Huntingdon, York

AFTER THE FUNERAL

Continued from page 18

shop," Susan said. Seeing a startled look in Miss Gilchrist's eye, she added: "My husband works in a chemist's shop."

A husband in retail trade did not quite square with Miss Gilchrist's impression of Susan's smartness, but she said valiantly: "Oh yes, just like Keats."

"Greg's no poet," said Susan. "We've got great plans for the future. A double-barrelled establishment—cosmetics and beauty parlour and a laboratory for special preparations."

"That will be much nicer," said Miss Gilchrist approvingly. "Something like Elizabeth Arden, who is really a countess, so I have been told—or is that Helena Rubenstein?"

Mr. Entwistle let his mind drift to other matters. When Susan had spoken to him twice without his answering he hurriedly apologized.

"Forgive me, my dear, I was thinking, as a matter of fact, about your Uncle Timothy. I am a little worried."

"About Uncle Timothy? I shouldn't be. I don't believe really there's anything the matter with him. He's just a hypochondriac."

"Yes—yes, you may be right. I confess it was not his health that was worrying me. It's Mrs. Timothy. Apparently she's fallen downstairs and twisted her ankle. She's laid up and your uncle is in a terrible state."

"Because he'll have to look after her instead of the other way about? Do him a lot of good," said Susan.

"Yes—yes, I dare say. But will your poor aunt get any looking after? That is really the question."

"Life is really hell for elderly people," said Susan. "They live in a kind of Georgian manor, don't they?"

Mr. Entwistle nodded.

THEY came rather warily out of the King's Arms but the press seemed to have dispersed.

A couple of reporters were lying in wait for Susan by the cottage door. Supervised by Mr. Entwistle, she said a few necessary and non-committal words. Then she and Miss Gilchrist went into the cottage and Mr. Entwistle returned to the King's Arms, where he had booked a room. The funeral was to be on the following day.

"My car's still in the quarry," said Susan. "I'd forgotten about it. I'll drive it along to the village later."

Miss Gilchrist said anxiously: "Not too late. You won't go out after dark, will you?"

Susan looked at her and laughed. "You don't think there's a murderer still hanging about, do you?"

"No—no, I suppose not." Miss Gilchrist looked embarrassed. But it's exactly what she does think, thought Susan. How amazing!

"I'm sure you'd like tea early," said Miss Gilchrist. "In about half an hour, do you think, Mrs. Banks?"

Susan thought that tea at half past three was overdoing it, but she was charitable enough to realize that "a nice cup of tea" was Miss Gilchrist's idea of restoration for the nerves, so she said:

"Whenever you like, Miss Gilchrist."

A happy clatter of kitchen implements began and Susan went into the sitting-room. She had only been there a few minutes when the bell sounded, followed by a very precise little rat-tat-tat.

Susan came out into the hall and Miss Gilchrist appeared at the kitchen door wearing an apron and wiping floury hands on it.

"Oh, dear, who do you think that can be?"

"More reporters, I expect," said Susan.

"Oh dear, and I was just going to make a few scones for tea."

Susan went towards the front door and Miss Gilchrist hovered uncertainly, almost as if she thought a man with a hatchet was waiting outside.

The visitor, however, proved to be an elderly gentleman who raised his hat when Susan opened the door and said, beaming at her in avuncular style, "Mrs. Banks, I think?"

"Yes."

"My name is Guthrie—Alexander



Guthrie. I was a friend—a very old friend of Mrs. Lansquenet's. You, I think, are her niece, formerly Miss Susan Abernethie?"

"That's quite right."

"Then since we know who we are, may I come in?"

"Of course."

Mr. Guthrie wiped his feet carefully on the mat, stepped inside, divested himself of his overcoat, laid it down with his hat on a small oak chest and followed Susan into the sitting-room.

"This is a melancholy occasion," said Mr. Guthrie, to whom melancholy did not seem to come naturally, his own inclination being to beam. "Yes, a very melancholy occasion. I was in this part of the world and I felt the least I could do was to attend the inquest—and, of course, the funeral. Poor Cora—I have known her, my dear Mrs. Banks, since the early days of her marriage. A high-spirited girl—and she took Pierre Lansquenet seriously. As an artist, I mean. No kind of sense in artistic matters, poor Cora, though in other ways, mind you, Cora had a lot of sense—yes, a surprising lot of sense."

"That's what everybody seems to say," said Susan. "I didn't really know her."

"No, no. Cut herself off from her

family because they didn't appreciate her precious Pierre. She was never a pretty girl—but she had something. She was good company. You never knew what she'd say next and you never knew if her *naïveté* was genuine or whether she was doing it deliberately. She made us all laugh a good deal. The eternal child—that's what we always felt about her."

SUSAN offered Mr. Guthrie a cigarette but the old gentleman shook his head. "No, thank you, my dear. I don't smoke. You must wonder why I've come? To tell you the truth I was feeling rather conscience-stricken. I promised Cora I'd come and see her some weeks ago. She'd taken up the hobby of buying pictures at local sales, and wanted me to look at some of them. My profession is that of art critic, you know. Of course, most of Cora's purchases were horrible daubs, but take it all in all, it isn't such a bad speculation. Pictures go for next to nothing at these country sales, and the frames alone are worth more than you pay for the picture. She wrote to me with great gusto about an Italian Primitive she had bought at some sale and I promised I'd come along and see it."

"That's it over there, I expect," said Susan, gesturing to the wall behind him.

Mr. Guthrie got up, put on a pair of spectacles, and went over to study the picture.

"Poor dear Cora," he said at last.

"There are a lot more," said Susan.

Mr. Guthrie proceeded to a leisurely inspection of the art treasures acquired by the hopeful Mrs. Lansquenet. Occasionally he said, "Tchk tchk," occasionally he sighed.

Finally he removed his spectacles. "Dirt," he said, "is a wonderful thing, Mrs. Banks! It gives a patina of romance to the most horrible examples of the painter's art."

"There are some pictures in the dining-room," said Susan, "but I think they are all her husband's work."

Mr. Guthrie shuddered slightly and

held up a protesting hand. "Do not force me to look at those again. Life classes have much to answer for! I always tried to spare Cora's feelings. A devoted wife—a very devoted wife. Well, dear Mrs. Banks, I must not take up more of your time."

"Oh, do stay and have some tea. I think it's nearly ready."

"That is very kind of you." Mr. Guthrie sat down again promptly.

"I'll just go and see."

In the kitchen, Miss Gilchrist was just lifting a last batch of scones from the oven. The tea tray stood ready and the kettle was just gently rattling its lid.

"There's a Mr. Guthrie here, and I've asked him to stay for tea."

"Mr. Guthrie? Oh yes, he was a great friend of dear Mrs. Lansquenet's. He's the celebrated art critic. How fortunate; I've made a nice lot of scones and that's some home-made strawberry jam, and I just whipped up some little drop cakes. I'll just make the tea—I've warmed the pot. Oh please, Mrs. Banks, don't carry that heavy tray. I can manage everything."

HOWEVER, Susan took in the tray and Miss Gilchrist followed with teapot and kettle, greeted Mr. Guthrie, and they set to.

"Hot scones, that is a treat," said Mr. Guthrie, "and what delicious jam! Really, the stuff one buys nowadays."

Miss Gilchrist was flushed and delighted. The little cakes were excellent and so were the scones, and everyone did justice to them. The ghost of the Willow Tree, the little teashop she had kept before the war, hung over the party. Here, it was clear, Miss Gilchrist was in her element.

"Well, thank you, perhaps I will," said Mr. Guthrie as he accepted the last cake, pressed upon him by Miss Gilchrist. "I do feel rather guilty though—enjoying my tea, here, where poor Cora was so brutally murdered."

Miss Gilchrist displayed an unexpected Victorian reaction to this.

"Oh, but Mrs. Lansquenet would have wished you to make a good tea. You've got to keep your strength up."

"Yes, yes, perhaps you are right. The fact is, you know, that one cannot really bring oneself to believe that someone you knew—actually knew—can have been murdered!"

"I agree," said Susan. "It just seems—fantastic."

"And certainly not by some casual tramp who broke in and attacked her. I can imagine, you know, reasons why Cora might have been murdered—"

Susan said quickly, "Can you? What reasons?"

"Well, she wasn't discreet," said Mr. Guthrie. "Cora was never discreet. And she enjoyed—how shall it put it?—showing how sharp she could be. Like a child who's got hold of somebody's secret. If Cora got hold of a secret she'd want to talk about it. Even if she promised not to, she'd still do it. She wouldn't be able to help herself."

Susan did not speak. Miss Gilchrist did not either. She looked worried. Mr. Guthrie went on:

"Yes, a little dose of arsenic in a cup of tea—that would not have surprised me, or a box of chocolates by post. But sordid robbery and assault—that seems highly incongruous. I may be wrong but I should have thought she had very little to take that would be worth a burglar's while. She didn't keep much money in the house, did she?"

Miss Gilchrist said, "Very little."

Mr. Guthrie sighed and rose to his feet. "Ah well, there's a lot of lawlessness about since the war. Times have changed."

Thanking them for the tea, he took a polite farewell of the two women. Miss Gilchrist saw him out and helped him on with his overcoat. From the window of the sitting-room, Susan watched him trot briskly down the front path to the gate.

Miss Gilchrist came back into the room with a small parcel in her hand. "The postman must have been while we were at the inquest. He pushed it through the letter box and it had

VOLCANO

IT HAD erupted once, and it would erupt again. Within a matter of hours.

That was the stark fact that dictated all thoughts, all actions, in the valley that day.

Don't miss this brilliantly exciting new story by Frederick Howard. . . .

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

fallen in the corner behind the door. Now I wonder—why, of course, it must be wedding cake."

Happily, Miss Gilchrist ripped off the paper. Inside was a small white box tied with silver ribbon.

"It is!" She pulled off the ribbon. Inside was a modest wedge of rich cake with almond paste and white icing. "How nice! Now who..." She consulted the card attached. "John and Mary!" she cried. "Now, who can that be? How silly to put no surname."

Susan, rousing herself from contemplation, said vaguely, "It's quite difficult sometimes with people just using Christian names. I got a post-card the other day signed Joan. I counted up eight Joans whom I knew—and with telephoning so much, one often doesn't know their handwriting."

Miss Gilchrist was happily going over the possible Johns or Marys of her acquaintance.

"It might be Dorothy's daughter—her name was Mary, but I hadn't heard of an engagement, still less of a marriage. Then there's little John Banfield—I suppose he's grown up and old enough to be married. Or the Enfield girl—no, her name was Margaret. No address or anything. Oh well, I dare say it will come to me. . . ." She picked up the tray and went out to the kitchen.

ROUSING herself, Susan said: "Well—I suppose I'd better go and put the car somewhere."

Susan retrieved the car from the quarry where she had left it and drove it into the village. There was a petrol pump but no garage and she was advised to take it to the King's Arms. They had room for it there and she left it by a big Daimler which was preparing to go out. It was chauffeur driven and inside it, very much muffled up, was an elderly foreign gentleman with a large moustache.

The boy to whom Susan was talking about the car was staring at her with such rapt attention that he did not seem to be taking in half of what she said.

Finally he said, in an awe-stricken voice: "You're her niece, aren't you?"

"What?"

"You're the victim's niece," the boy repeated with relish.

"Oh—yes—yes, I am."

"Ar! Wondered where I'd seen you before."

Ghoul, thought Susan, as she retraced her steps to the cottage.

Miss Gilchrist greeted her with: "Oh, you're safely back," in tones of relief which further annoyed her. Miss Gilchrist added anxiously: "You can

OH, JOHNNY!



eat spaghetti, can't you? I thought for tonight—"

"Oh, yes, anything. I don't want much."

"I really flatter myself that I can make a very tasty spaghetti *au gratin*."

The boast was not an idle one. Miss Gilchrist, Susan reflected, was really an excellent cook. Susan offered to help wash up but Miss Gilchrist, though clearly gratified by the offer, assured Susan that there was very little to do.

She came in a little while later with coffee. The coffee was less excellent, being decidedly weak. Miss Gilchrist offered Susan a piece of the wedding cake which Susan refused.

"It's really very good cake," Miss Gilchrist insisted, tasting it. She had settled to her own satisfaction that it must have been sent by someone whom she alluded to as "dear Ellen's daughter who I knew was engaged to be married, but I can't remember her name."

Susan let Miss Gilchrist chirrup away into silence before starting her own subject of conversation. This moment, after supper, sitting before the fire, was a companionable one.

She said at last: "My Uncle Richard came down here before he died, didn't he?"

"Yes, he did."

"When was that exactly?"

"Let me see, it must have been one, two—nearly three weeks before his death was announced."

"Did he seem—ill?"

"Well, no, I wouldn't say he seemed actually ill. He had a very hearty, vigorous manner. Mrs. Lansquet was very surprised to see him. She said: 'Well, really, Richard, after all these years!' And he said: 'I came to see for myself exactly how things are with you.' And Mrs. Lansquet said: 'I'm all right.' I think, you know, she was a teeny bit offended by his turning up so casually—after the long break. Anyway, Mr. Abernethie said: 'No use keeping up old grievances. You and I and Timothy are the only ones left—and nobody can talk to Timothy except

about his own health.' And he said, 'Pierre seems to have made you happy, so it seems I was in the wrong. There, will that content you?' Very nicely he said it. A handsome man, though elderly, of course."

"How long was he here?"

"He stayed for lunch. Beef olives, I made. Fortunately it was the day the butcher called." Miss Gilchrist's memory seemed to be almost wholly culinary.

"They seemed to be getting on well together?"

"Oh, yes."

Susan paused and then said: "Was Aunt Cora surprised when he died?"

"Oh, yes, it was quite sudden, wasn't it?"

"Yes, it was sudden. . . I meant—she was surprised. He hadn't given her any indication how ill he was."

"Oh—I see what you mean." Miss Gilchrist paused a moment. "No, no, I think perhaps you are right. She did say that he had got very old—I think she said senile. . . ."

"But you didn't think he was senile?"

"Well, not to look at. But I didn't talk to him much. Naturally, I left them alone together."

Susan looked at Miss Gilchrist speculatively.

WAS Miss Gilchrist the kind of woman who would listen at doors?

She was honest, Susan felt sure, she wouldn't ever pilfer, or cheat over the housekeeping, or open letters. But inquisitiveness can drape itself in a mantle of rectitude. Miss Gilchrist might have found it necessary to garden near an open window, or to dust the hall. . . . And then, of course, she could not have helped hearing something. . . .

"You didn't hear any of their conversation?" Susan asked.

Too abrupt. Miss Gilchrist flushed angrily. "No, indeed, Mrs. Banks. It has never been my custom to listen at doors!"

That means that she does, thought

Susan, otherwise she would just say, "No."

Aloud she said: "I'm so sorry, Miss Gilchrist. I didn't mean it that way. But sometimes, in these small, flimsily built cottages, one simply can't help hearing nearly everything that goes on, and now that they are both dead, it's really rather important to the family to know just what was said at that meeting between them."

The cottage was anything but flimsily built—it dated from a sturdier era of building—but Miss Gilchrist accepted the bait, and rose to the suggestion held out.

"Of course, what you say is quite true, Mrs. Banks—this is a very small place and I do appreciate that you would want to know what passed between them, but really I'm afraid I can't help very much. I think they were talking about Mr. Abernethie's health—and certain—well, *fancies* he had. He didn't look it, but he must have been a sick man and as is so often the case, he put his ill-health down to outside agencies. A common symptom, I believe. My aunt. . . ."

Miss Gilchrist described her aunt at some length. Susan skilfully sidetracked the aunt.

"Yes," she said. "That is just what we thought. My uncle's servants were all very attached to him and naturally they are upset by his thinking. . . ." She paused.

"Oh, of course! Servants are very touchy about anything of that kind. I remember that my aunt—"

Again Susan interrupted. "It was the servants he suspected, I suppose? Of poisoning him, I mean?"

"I don't know. . . I—really. . . ."

Susan noted her confusion. "It wasn't the servants. Was it one particular person?"

"I don't know, Mrs. Banks. Really, I don't know. . . ."

But her eye avoided Susan's. Susan thought to herself that Miss Gilchrist knew more than she was willing to admit. It was possible that Miss Gilchrist knew a good deal. Deciding not

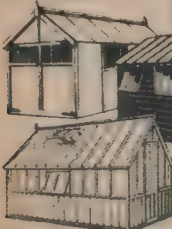
JOHN BULL'S GARDENING GUIDE

GATES of DISTINCTION



In plain wrought iron or ornamental scroll. Gate No. H.101, as illustrated, 7 ft. wide, \$11.18.0. Single Gates from \$3. Double Gates from \$4. Send stamp for Brochure: BRILLINGTON ENGINEERING CO., LTD. (Dept. A.1), BATH ROAD, BRISTOL, 4.

The HALL MARK of VALUE FOR BETTER BUILDINGS



Lowest Prices for CASH or H.P. From 22/6 Deposit. Free Delivery England & Wales. WHY PAY MORE WHEN HALL'S OFFER BEST AND CHEAPEST. SEND FOR HALL'S FREE CATALOGUE BEFORE DECIDING.

ROBERT H. HALL & CO. (Kent) LTD. 57-59 PADDOCK WOOD, TONBRIDGE, KENT

BATH'S VIOLA CHANTRYLAND

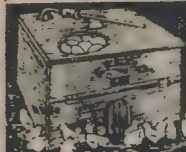
Bath's Strain of this lovely Viola is outstanding for colour, fragrance, compactness, and long season of flowering. The rich deep golden-apricot-yellow flowers of this unique Viola make it one of the finest varieties for Coronation bedding schemes.

Plants from the original strain 5/- dozen, 32/- 100. Carriage paid cash with order. Seed 1/-, 2/6 and 5/- per packet. Post free.

R. H. BATH LTD. The Floral Farms, Wisbech 15, Cambs.

ROSS'S FOR VALUE

The "Celtic" Incubator and Reeler combined. The best machine of its kind on the market. Will hatch every hatchable egg and rear strong, profitable chicks. Constructed throughout of steel, fireproof and foolproof. Pitted with best quality English thermometer and capsule.



Carr. Paid. List 1d. Complete with illustrated instructions. Ready for use. \$12/6: 20 egg size 38/8; 30 egg size 44/-; 45 egg size 50/-; 60 egg size 55/-.

D. ROSS & SONS (Dept. J.R.) St. Leonards Works, Forres.



Get your early seedlings

and strawberries under glass.

Excellent results are

obtained with our Cloches.

Write for details to

BOULTON & PAUL Ltd

NORWICH

CHRYSANTHEMUM PLANTS

Up-to-date, fully named collections for all purposes. Deliveries now or as desired.

GLASSHOUSE FLOWERING
No. 1. 12 Superb Exhibition .. 10/6
No. 2. 12 Choice Incurving .. 10/6

FOR THE GARDEN
No. 3. 12 Huge Exhibition .. 10/6
No. 4. 12 Incurving Gems .. 10/6
No. 5. 12 Beauties for Cutting 5/6
No. 6. 6 Lovely Pompons .. 5/-

1 Collections supplied. Catalogue of 500 varieties now ready. 1/4 stamp.

BEAVER'S NURSERIES
Burnham Market, Norfolk

100 DUTCH GLADIOLI 10/6

20 each, esp. packed and named. White Beauty, Blue Herald, Scarlet Sword, Pearly, salmon, Gold Dust, yellow. Half lot 6/-; 6 size mxd. double Anemones, 50 for 3/6; Raunensis, mxd., 50 for 3/6; Double Begonias, mxd., 6/- doz.; Lily of Valley, 2/6 doz. Cultural notes free. 1/- postage orders under 20/-.

C.O.D. 1/- extra. Guar. to bloom this summer.

Send for Catalogue **HARRY DYAS (Dept. J.R.)** Gladioli Specialist HEALING - LINGS

PATENT ADJUSTABLE PLANT SUPPORTS

7/- DOZ. Postage paid —20/- 3 doz.

The easiest and best way of supporting plants yet devised . . . helps plants attain full growth and maturity by assisting them against mud, wind, rain and pest. Strong and durable . . . will last for years.

- Supports plants securely.
- Easy to fix.
- Variety of sizes.
- Adaptable to growth.
- Thoroughly tried out.

MARTALL INDUSTRIES

36 London Rd., Cowplain, Portsmouth, Hants.



WHITE, CLARK, HYAM & CO. LTD. offer the best value in SECTIONAL TIMBER and SEASONAL STEEL GREENHOUSES.

A large range of sizes available for prompt delivery. All prices carriage paid England and Wales and many parts of Scotland. Hire Purchase Terms available. Typical Value—12' 10" x 6' 0" x 7' 3" Timber greenhouse—£27.0.0

WHITE, CLARK, HYAM & CO. LTD. 67 Courtney Street, Hull

to press the point for the moment, Susan said: "What are your own plans for the future, Miss Gilchrist?"

"Well, really, I was going to speak to you about that, Mrs. Banks. I told Mr. Entwistle I would be willing to stay on until everything here was cleared up."

"I know. I'm very grateful."

"And I wanted to ask you how long that was likely to be, because, of course, I must start looking about for another post."

Susan considered. "There's really not very much to be done here. In a couple of days I can get things sorted and notify the auctioneer. I don't suppose there will be any difficulty in letting the cottage?"

"Oh, no—people will queue up for it, I'm sure. There are so few cottages to rent. One nearly always has to buy."

"So it's all very simple, you see." Susan hesitated a moment before saying: "I wanted to tell you—that I hope you'll accept three months' salary."

"That's very generous of you, I'm sure, Mrs. Banks. I do appreciate it. And you would be prepared to—I mean I could ask you—if necessary—to recommend me? To say that I had been with a relation of yours and that I had—proved satisfactory?"

"Oh, of course."

"I don't know whether I ought to ask it." Miss Gilchrist's hands began to shake and she tried to steady her voice. "But would it be possible not to—to mention the circumstances—or even the name?"

Susan stared. "I'm afraid I don't understand."

"That's because you haven't thought, Mrs. Banks. It's murder. A murder that's been in the papers and that everybody has read about. Don't you see? People might think: 'Two women living together, and one of them is killed—and perhaps the companion did it.' Don't you see, Mrs. Banks? I'm sure that if I was looking for someone, I'd—well, I'd think twice before engaging myself—if you understand what I mean. Because one never knows! It's been worrying me dreadfully, Mrs. Banks; I've been lying awake at night thinking that perhaps I'll never get another job—not of this kind. And what else is there that I can do?"

THE question came out with unconscious pathos. Susan felt suddenly stricken. She realized the desperation of this pleasant-spoken, commonplace woman who was dependent for existence on the fears and whims of employers. And there was a lot of truth in what Miss Gilchrist had said. You wouldn't, if you could help it, engage a woman to share domestic intimacy who had figured, however innocently, in a murder case.

Susan said: "But if they find the man who did it—"

"Oh then, of course, it will be quite all right. But will they find him? I don't think, myself, the police have the least idea. And if he's not caught—well, that leaves me as—as not quite the most likely person, but as a person who could have done it."

Susan nodded thoughtfully. It was true that Miss Gilchrist did not benefit from Cora Lansquenet's death—but who was to know that? And besides, there were so many tales—ugly tales—of animosity arising between women who lived together, strange pathological motives for sudden violence. Someone who had not known them might imagine that Cora Lansquenet and Miss Gilchrist had lived on those terms. Susan spoke with her usual decision.

"Don't worry, Miss Gilchrist," she said, speaking briskly and cheerfully. "I'm sure I can find you a post among my friends. There won't be the least difficulty."

"I'm afraid," said Miss Gilchrist, regaining some of her customary manner, "that I couldn't undertake any really rough work. Just a little plain cooking and housework—"

The telephone rang and Miss Gilchrist jumped. "Dear me, I wonder who that can be."

"I expect it's my husband," said

DOWN YOUR GARDEN

with RICHARD DIMBLEBY

Portable greenhouse

FULL-SIZE greenhouses can be very expensive, so I made a portable one from three disused windows of the same size which I rescued from a builder's yard. I laid them flat on the ground and joined them together with webbing hinges. Stood upright, they made a triangular screen, for which I measured and cut a "roof" out of flexible glass substitute, securing it with webbing hinges and a hook.

—M. RANKINE, Rothesay, Scotland.



Laurel fumigator

Laurel leaves will fumigate an insect-infested garden frame. I bruise and break a handful of leaves on a board with a hammer and place them in the frame immediately. With the lid closed for twelve hours, all insects are dead.—CHARLES H. CRADDUCK, Eltham, London, S.E.9.



Fireguard sieve

Part of my garden is thick with pebbles left by the builders, so I use an old fireguard as a sieve. I prop it on two sticks at forty-five degrees and shovel the soil through by throwing high. The pebbles and rubbish collect at the curve at the bottom. Later I intend to use the guard to protect my seedling peas from the birds, with the help of a bit of wire netting at the sides.—F. COATES, Roundhay, Leeds, 8.

Readers are invited to send their own simple, original gardening hints to **DOWN YOUR GARDEN**, John Bull, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Every week, Richard Dimbleby will make a selection of the best, and John Bull will pay three guineas for each on publication. "Down Your Garden" hints cannot be returned unless they are accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Susan, jumping up. "He said he'd ring me tonight."

She went to the telephone.

"Yes?—yes, this is Mrs. Banks speaking personally. . . . There was a pause and then her voice changed. It became soft and warm. "Hallo, darling—yes, it's me. . . . Oh, quite well. . . . Murder by someone unknown. . . . the usual thing. . . . Oh, Mr. Entwistle. . . . What? . . . It's difficult to say, but I think so. . . . Yes, just as we thought. Absolutely according to plan. I shall sell the stuff. There's nothing we'd want. . . . Not for a day or two. Don't fuss. I know what I'm doing. . . . Greg, you didn't. . . . You were careful to. . . . No, it's nothing. Nothing at all. Good night, darling."

She rang off. The nearness of Miss Gilchrist had hampered her a little. Miss Gilchrist could probably hear from the kitchen, where she had tactfully retired, exactly what went on. There were things she had wanted to ask Greg, but she hadn't liked to. She stood by the telephone, frowning abstractedly.

Then suddenly her face lit up as an idea came to her.

"Of course," she murmured. "Just the thing."

Lifting the receiver, she asked for Trunk Inquiry.

Some quarter of an hour later a weary voice from the exchange was saying:

"I'm afraid there's no reply."

SUSAN spoke autocratically. "Please go on ringing them." She listened to the far-off buzzing of a telephone bell.

Then, suddenly, it was interrupted and a man's voice, peevish and slightly indignant, said: "Yes, yes, what is it?"

"Uncle Timothy?"

"What's that? I can't hear you."

"Uncle Timothy? I'm Susan Banks. Your niece Susan."

"Oh, you're Susan, are you? What's

the matter? What are you ringing up for at this time of night?"

"It's quite early still."

"It isn't. I was in bed."

"You must go to bed very early. How's Aunt Maude?"

"Is that all you rang up to ask? Your aunt's in a good deal of pain and she can't do a thing. Not a thing. She's helpless. We're in a nice mess, I can tell you. That fool of a doctor says he can't even get a nurse. He wanted to cart Maude off to hospital. I stood out against that. He's trying to get hold of someone for us. I can't do anything—I daren't even try. There's a fool from the village staying here tonight—but she's wanting to get back to her husband. Don't know what we're going to do."

"That's what I rang up about. Would you like Miss Gilchrist?"

"Who's she? Never heard of her."

"Aunt Cora's companion. She's very nice and capable."

"Can she cook?"

"Yes, she cooks very well, and she could look after Aunt Maude."

"That's all very well, but when could she come? Here I am, all on my own, with only these idiots of village women popping in and out at odd hours, and it's not good for me. My heart's playing me up."

"I'll arrange for her to get off to you as soon as possible. The day after tomorrow, perhaps?"

"Well, thanks very much," said the voice rather grudgingly. "You're a good girl, Susan—er—thank you."

Susan rang off and went into the kitchen.

"Would you be willing to go up to Yorkshire and look after my aunt? She fell and broke her ankle and my uncle is quite useless. He's a bit of a pest but Aunt Maude is a very good sort. They have help in from the village, but you could cook and look after Aunt Maude."

Miss Gilchrist dropped the coffee pot in her agitation.

"Oh thank you, thank you—that

really is kind. I think I can say of myself that I am really good in the sickroom, and I'm sure I can manage your uncle and cook him nice little meals. It's really very kind of you, Mrs. Banks, and I do appreciate it."

That night, Susan lay in bed and waited for sleep to come. It had been a long day and she was tired. She had been quite sure that she would go to sleep at once. She never had any difficulty in going to sleep. And yet here she lay, hour after hour, wide awake, her mind racing.

She had said she did not mind sleeping in this room, in this bed. This bed where Cora Lansquenet. . . . No, no, she must put all that out of her mind. She had always prided herself on having no nerves. Why think of that afternoon less than a week ago? Think ahead—the future. Her future and Greg's. Those premises in Cardigan Street—just what they wanted. The business on the ground floor and a charming flat upstairs. The room out at the back as a laboratory for Greg. For purposes of income tax it would be an excellent set-up.

Greg would get calm and well again. There would be no more of those alarming brainstorms. The times when he looked at her without seeming to know who she was. Once or twice she'd been quite frightened. And old Mr. Cole at the shop had hinted—threatened: "If this happens again. . . ." And it might have happened again—it would have happened again. If Uncle Richard hadn't died just when he did.

Uncle Richard—but really why look at it like that? He'd nothing to live for. Old and tired and ill. His son dead. It was a mercy really. To die in his sleep quietly like that. Quietly. . . . in his sleep. . . . If only she could sleep. It was so stupid lying awake hour after hour, hearing the furniture creak and the rustling of trees and bushes outside the window and the occasional queer, melancholy hoot—an owl, she supposed. How sinister the country was, somehow. So different from the big, noisy, indifferent town. One felt so safe there, surrounded by people, never alone. Whereas here. . . .

Houses where a murder has been committed were sometimes haunted. Perhaps this cottage would come to be known as the haunted cottage. Haunted by the spirit of Cora Lansquenet. Aunt Cora. Odd, really, how ever since she had arrived she had felt as though Aunt Cora were quite close to her. . . . within reach. All nerves and fancy. Cora Lansquenet was dead, tomorrow she would be buried. There was no one in the cottage except Susan herself and Miss Gilchrist. Then why did she feel that there was someone in this room, someone close beside her?

She had lain on this bed when the hatchet fell. . . . Lying there trustingly asleep, knowing nothing till the hatchet fell. . . . And now she wouldn't let Susan sleep.

AGAIN the furniture creaked. Was that a stealthy step? Susan raised herself, listening. Nothing. Nerves, nothing but nerves. Relax, close your eyes.

Surely that was a groan—a groan or a faint moan. Someone in pain—someone dying. . . .

"I mustn't imagine things, I mustn't, I mustn't," Susan whispered to herself.

Death was the end—there was no existence after death. Under no circumstances could anyone come back. Or was she re-living a scene from the past—a dying woman groaning. . . .

Then she heard it again, louder. It sounded like someone groaning, groaning in acute pain. . . .

But—this was real. This time Susan switched on the light, sat up in bed and listened. The groans were real groans and she was hearing them through the wall. They came from the next room.

Susan jumped out of bed, flung on a dressing-gown and crossed to the door. She went out on to the landing, tapped for a moment on Miss Gilchrist's door and then went in.

To be continued next week

THE ATOM-BOMBED AIRLINER

Continued from page 13

things I won't be seeing after tonight. Walter Harmon was due to take the pilot's periodic physical examination in San Francisco the next afternoon. Today, in New York, he had had a private check-up—had learned that the slight deafness in his right ear had finally reached the point where he could no longer conceal it. He could still fly, of course—light planes—but after tonight he could never captain an airliner again.

In a way, as he watched the lightning, he was saying goodbye to the big ship and to the big sky, just as at supper tonight back there in the Kitty Hawk Room at La Guardia Airport, he had told Mimi Lee, his chief stewardess, about his check-up. He had tried to say goodbye to her without letting her guess how much the saying of it hurt.

The pleasant voice of his co-pilot, Jack Parker, broke into his reverie.

"Say, Skipper, I was just wondering. That new A-bomb or H-bomb test or whatever it is down on the Flats that CAA's been warning us about over the radio for the past hour—"

Walter Harmon turned his head towards the navigation desk where Parker and Nelson Kruger, the flight engineer, were having coffee.

"Well, Jack?" he asked. "What were you wondering?"

Parker lifted his cup, swallowed, lowered the cup to the desk top.

"I was just wondering," he said. "Maybe if any tricky air currents from the blast got tangled up with the turbulence of that thunderstorm down there, things might get pretty rugged up here. You know the answer?"

Walter, too, had wondered about that when he first spotted the lightning.

"Nobody knows the answer to that one," he said, "because it's never happened."

In the valley, the man at the table pressed his telegraph key and for a second the valley, and the mountains surrounding it, were afire with a searing white light.

In the plane, Walter Harmon, who had been watching for the flash for the past few minutes, grinned and said: "Very impressive." He turned to his flight officers with an eager, boyish look. "Gosh, I hope Mimi saw that!" Then he leaned to his left and peered down, hoping to see the famous atomic cloud. He could not see it. Nor could he see the sudden man-made hurricane of wind rushing at hundreds of miles an hour across the desert floor, sucking all the air of the valley in its wake.

A few seconds later he felt it—as a hard bump that shook the plane. He grinned again and said: "There's your blast, boys! Quite something, eh?"

Automatically, he glanced at his instruments. The grin left his face, for the altimeter needles were literally spinning upwards. In his mind he could see the hurricane now—could see it striking the sloping sides of the mountains, joining the storm, sweeping skyward in an incredibly gigantic updraught.

His mouth grew hard. He opened the throttle of all four engines to full power, shoved the wheel forward, throwing the plane into the position of a steep dive. To his horror, in spite of the tremendous power of the engines, the altimeter still spun on upwards, spun until it had no more altitude to register, and its needles stuck, and now the cold sweat of fear beaded the captain's forehead. He knew that the sudden great uprush of air that had struck his ship must have created a vast vacuum over the mountain ridge. New air from a radius of perhaps hundreds of miles, rushing to fill the vacuum, was being sucked skywards and thrusting that first mass of rising air higher and higher.

Because this thing was not caused by any phenomenon of nature, but by a new and untried force, he knew that the height to which it might carry his ship was without limit—and the knowledge filled him with elemental

fear. He fought it under control, eased back on the throttles to save the motors.

"Not that it really matters," he thought. "They'll conk out from lack of oxygen in a few seconds, anyway."

Now a fresh fear came to him—the fear of a good captain solely responsible for many lives. When the motors stopped, the cabin pressurizing would stop, too. The passengers—dozing now, relaxed in their confidence in him and in the aircraft—one by one would quietly die. Grim-lipped now, he turned in his seat and sensed the tension in the cockpit. These men, like himself, knew the danger. Kruger's mouth was working with a nervous tic. Jack Parker's face was the colour of cigarette ash.

"You, Jack—and Nels." His voice was the calm voice of command. "Get aft fast. These motors are getting ready to quit. I figure you and the girls have maybe four minutes to get the passengers and yourselves into oxygen masks."

"Yes, sir!"

"And you men stay back there. If any passengers start to panic—well, control them. Give them just enough oxygen to sustain life, not consciousness. They're better off sleeping and they'll breathe less. Okay. Hop to it."

Parker and Kruger left the cockpit. A few seconds later, one after another, the motors stopped, and with their stopping the throbbing life went out of the ship, leaving her a dead, drifting thing of utter silence—in a world of silence where there was not even the whistling and swish of wings through wind, for she rode the wind.

HARMON sat at the controls, instinctively meeting the swirling air currents with aileron and rudder. He was thinking about supper-time back there at the Kitty Hawk Room with Mimi—and thinking about all the other meals they'd had together at Chicago, at Shanghai, at Shannon; of brief seconds high in the sky sharing a sunset together, an ocean, a rainbow, or just a joke.

Then he began thinking about the two motherless children who lived with his sister in Cincinnati and who were so proud because their daddy was captain of a big airliner.

"Why do I care whether I get out of this or not? I'm all washed up tomorrow anyway!"

The sound of his voice, startlingly loud in the unearthly stillness, brought him to his senses with a shock. He had thought of the safety of the others and forgotten himself. Just in time—just as he was blacking out—he got on his oxygen mask, drew a deep breath of life.

When Mimi Lee, the chief stewardess, came into the cockpit, Walter Harmon

heard the click as she plugged her oxygen line into an outlet and thought it was Jack, and turned to order him back to his post in the cabin. Then in the eerie twilight brightness of the immense altitude, he saw the pert oval of her pretty face, the neat waves of chestnut hair under the jaunty cap, the so long familiar curves of her slim body, and his heart was filled with the sadness of goodbye again. He handed her the co-pilot's oxygen mask that, like his own, had a built-in communicator system. She put it on.

"Is everything all right back there?"

"Yes, Walter, I wanted to see if you were all right."

"All right—except I feel like the cow that jumped over the moon. Tell me about the passengers."

She spoke into her microphone and as she talked he could visualize the long, luxuriously appointed cabin: the dim light from the night lamps, the passengers—most of them unconscious now and blanket-covered against the intense cold that was creeping into the plane—lying in rows, three to a row on one side of the aisle, two to a row on the other.

Like so many corpses, he thought.

For a second he pictured the plane as he knew it would be in another hour at this freezing height—a dead ship with a dead crew and a dead cargo, drifting on the edge of space. . . .

A sudden minor vortex twisted the ship; Walter Harmon fought it back to the position of an easy forward glide where it rode best.

"How long do you think the oxygen will last, Walter?" Her voice was quite calm.

"It isn't just the oxygen now, Mimi," he said. "It's the increasing cold up here."

"How high are we?"

"I don't know—take a look and guess for yourself." He banked the plane slightly and pointed to the window. An incredible distance away—so far that it looked round and like another world in space, rather than the world they belonged to—was the earth.

Mimi shuddered and drew back from the window.

"I—I'm sorry I looked. It scares me foolish. I'm shaking. Talk to me, Walter, and get my mind off what's happening to us. Please, Walter!"

"Okay, Mimi. What'll I talk about?" His voice was steady, almost natural. Intent on the job he must do. She must not know how much he needed her, or guess the torture in his mind.

"Tell me what you're going to do when you—retire."

It was the one thing he did not want to talk to her about, but he told her, in between brief pauses while he fought the controls, about a little place he'd

bought in Lexington, Kentucky, that was part farm and part private airport. He told her he'd live there and run the airport, he guessed.

When he finished she said: "Gee, I don't see why you feel so badly about quitting. I'd like doing that myself, Walter. And you can have those little girls of yours with you, too, at last. Who'll take care of them?"

"A housekeeper."

"Oh, Wally, that isn't right! You ought to get married again!"

His voice crackled over the communicator. "No!"

"But why not? Isn't there a girl anywhere that you're just a little bit in love with?" He did not answer. Teasingly triumphant, she cried: "There is! . . . Isn't there?"

There was the deathly silence again. Another whirlpool of air banked the ship and the round globe of the earth came into view again through the window. He got the ship back under control and spoke again, his words slow, measured.

"Mimi, I'm captain of an airliner now. If I get us out of this—and I may—do you know what I'll be after I flunk that physical tomorrow? I'll be a lonely, bitter, middle-aged guy who lives on a farm near a hick town and runs a one-horse airport out in the sticks. I'm over forty. This girl's twenty-five. I'd be a heel to let her tie into a set-up like mine. Now, are you satisfied?"

Her voice, answering, was breathless, hushed. "Not yet, Walter—not quite yet."

He felt the big rubber oxygen mask move from his face, felt her lips, parted, moist, clinging to his. With infinite tenderness his arms went about her, then the emotions chained up in him for so long broke through and he crushed her against him. She lay, quietly, contentedly, in his arms.

Even after they replaced their masks and he took over manual control again, she still stood leaning against his shoulder with her cheek pressed to his.

Minutes later, when the air had grown much rougher and the cold was frosting the windows and clutching at skin and bone like icy fingers, and she was shaking with it, she said: "Is this the end, Wally?"

WHEN he didn't answer, she went on: "If it is the end, please take me in your arms again and hold me close." She moved towards him. Her body joggled his arm as it clasped the wheel, the aircraft tilted so steeply to the right that she staggered, fell into the co-pilot's chair. He levelled the plane. She started to get to her feet. His voice stopped her.

"Strap yourself in there! When you joggled the wheel I remembered something I did with that glider once when I got caught in the up-draught of a thunder head. I think"—his voice shook with excitement now—"I think I can save this ship!"

"How?"

"By. . . ." The whirling up-eddy of air he was waiting for struck. He said: "Pray!"

The ship tilted left and this time instead of righting it he kicked full right rudder and pulled the wheel left with a sudden jerk that threw the ship clear on its side. For the fraction of a second it hung there motionless. Its wings pointed straight up and down, with no more lift than the blade of a knife. Then the silence—the ghastly, unreal silence of space—was torn by a high keening wail as the tremendous weight of metal in the fuselage and engines drove the up-ended, knife-like wing down and forward in a screaming dive. Walter Harmon's laugh of elation rattled over the communicator.

"Mimi?"

"Yes?"

"Just wanted to say—" He broke off, needing all his strength to haul back on the wheel and check a little the headlong, earthward rush. "I just wanted to say that for a decrepit old man who's about to be judged incompetent, I think I still fly pretty good—once in a while, that is."

At fifteen thousand feet, Walter Harmon levelled off, pressed the starter. The motors throbbed and the



FEEL the difference!



*Two woolly
outfits — but . . .*

Mmmm!! . . . the blissful, cosy softness of the one washed in Persil!
Brrrr . . . the hard scratchiness of the other! No warmth, no "give"!

Now, why is it that Persil is so much kinder to woollens than any other washing powder?

The answer's easy. Persil cleans woollens so gently they never lose that springy fluffiness which makes wool *warm*!

No doubt about it, Persil-washed woollens *stay* soft and comforting!

PERSIL is kind to woollens!

—You can FEEL it is!